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ADELAIDA TO PORPHYRO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUST BELL.

I love you,—I love you,—oh, let me be heard!
You know not the passion lies hid in each word,
You know not my heart.
Did you think you could win me to glad one short day,
And then let me wander as happy away,
Unregretting to part?

I know you are great, you are kind, you are good;
Was it right to win all of a free heart you could,
Will not calling it winning?
So gently to draw my whole life unto you,
So little returning,—ah, love, was this true,
Or would saints call it sinning?

Ah, thou,—thou,—my great one, thou knowest all things,
From the beautiful song that the little bird sings
And the laugh of the rill,
To the world, the strange world, which thou readest with ease,
To hearts with their mysteries, and better than these,
To the soul's purest thrill.

While I,—I dream simply, and know naught to be,
And can only creep timidly closer to thee,
And lie hid in thy greatness,—
There's nothing can harm where thou dost defend,—
Then will thou be the smiter, oh, more than a friend,—
Will thou wound with thy sweetness?

Nay, be greater than man, and from thy proud height
Reach down one tender hand, and draw me to the light,
I will dwell at thy feet,—
I will pray for thee, watch for thee, love thee so much,
All harm shall shrink from thee, as fearing to touch
One in greatness so sweet!

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DENEBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

THE FALL FROM THE CLIFF.

They bore Lady Adelaide into the hall, a spacious room, hung round with pictures, which opened from the left hand side of the great gate-way. On that side, on the ground floor, there were but two apartments, the hall and the dining-room. At the back of the hall a handsome staircase wound up to the floor above, and near the foot of the staircase a door opened to some back passages, which led round to the kitchens and the apartments of the servants, on the other side the gateway.

Adelaide was shrieking still, sobbing and crying in strong hysterics; she was evidently under the influence of some powerful terror. The servants put her into a large arm-chair, took off her cloak, and ran for water and for smelling salts; Lady Dane chafed her hands, and somewhat angrily demanded of her what had happened, and where she had been.

Lord Dane was in the dining-room, alone. He pulled sharply the silken string, tied to his chair and attached to the bell-rope, and when Bruff, the butler, answered it, inquired haughtily what all that unseemly noise meant.

"My lord, it is Lady Adelaide. She seems to be taken ill."

"Lady Adelaide shrieking like that! What brings her down in the hall?"

"She was outside, my lord, as it appears. We heard the screams, and went to the gate, and Lady Adelaide came flying in from across the grass. I should think she must have been frightened in some way, my lord."

"I never heard of such an improbable thing!" ejaculated Lord Dane. "Lady Adelaide out at this hour! it is not likely."

The butler was too wise to maintain his assertion.

"My Lady is with her," he said. "She heard the cries too, and came down."

"Undo this," cried Lord Dane.

He meant the silk ribbon attached to his chair. The butler obeyed him, and Lord Dane touching the spring, the chair propelled itself into the hall, for it was one of those invalid chairs running upon wheels, so useful to helpless persons.

Lord Dane took himself and his chair immediately opposite to Adelaide. There he stopped. He saw that her breath was labored, that her whole frame trembled, and that she was as white as death; but she was not screaming now.

"What is all this?" he inquired, looking first at her, and then at his wife. "Have you been frightened, Adelaide?"

The question threw her into hysterics again; and Lord Dane turned for an answer to his wife.

"I know nothing about it," said Lady Dane. "I was dozing in the drawing-room, and was awakened by screams, outside. I put up the window, and saw some one running from the direction of the ruins, shrieking awfully. It proved to be Adelaide."

"But what brought Adelaide out there?"

"That is what I want to learn. When I dozed off, she was sitting quietly in the drawing-room, reading."

"My dear, what took you out?" inquired Lord Dane, when she grew quiet.

She shook terribly as she answered him,

"I—I don't know."

"But you must know," reiterated Lady Dane, "you could not have walked out in your sleep. What took you out?"

Adelaide's very teeth shook as she answered the question, and she turned, if possible, more deadly white. But she pressed her two hands for full a minute upon her forehead before she spoke.

"I don't know what made me go out," she faltered; "it was very foolish. In looking from the drawing-room window, I observed what a lovely night it was, nearly as light as day, and the thought came over me that I would put on my cloak and run as far as the ruins and back. I meant no harm."

"The most senseless thing I ever heard of! such a wildgoose trick, sure, was never performed," exclaimed Lady Dane. "And why one told me, but yourself, I could not have believed it."

Adelaide did not care for that; her aunt might call her senseless and a "wildgoose" for an hour if she pleased; but what she did care for, and dread, were the keen eyes of Lord Dane, fixed penetratingly upon her; she saw he did not believe her fully.

"Let that pass," he said, as if answering his own thoughts. "What caused you to scream?"

"Oh—I cannot tell," she answered, clasping her hands in agony.

"Did any one accost you?" proceeded Lord Dane.

"No, no," she answered, eagerly. "I—I—I think I got frightened at finding myself all alone by moonlight in those chapel ruins, where the graves are."

"And so you ran home, shrieking, thinking a ghost was after you?" cried Lord Dane, who readily accepted the version.

"Y—es, I suppose so."

As Adelaide spoke the hesitating answer, she happened to catch the look of her maid, Sophie. Most strangely and earnestly was the woman's gaze fixed upon her, almost, as it seemed, in terror. Adelaide shuddered, and once more hid her face in her hands.

"I hope it will be a warning to you, my dear," said Lord Dane, "not to attempt a moonlight escapade again. You might meet a real ghost another time—or something worse."

"And you cannot say but you would deserve it," added Lady Dane, crossly. "You are as flighty as your brother. The best thing you can do now, is to go to bed."

"Oh, no, no, pray no!" eagerly returned Adelaide. "I am not ill; I am not frightened now; I would rather sit up."

She looked both frightened and ill, but it was not urged. Lady Dane put her head in at the dining-room door.

"I wonder you can remain contented there, through all this noise, Harry," she cried. "Is he asleep?"

"Harry's not there," said Lord Dane; "he went out."

"Oh. Down to the yacht probably, to see his friend off."

"I fancy so."

"Lord Dane retired to the dining-room; he never appeared in the drawing-room at night. The two ladies went up stairs, and the servants dispersed. But a sudden freak—or whatever you may please to term it—took Lady Dane.

"You have made me quite nervous, Adelaide, with your shrieks and your absurdity," she exclaimed. "I should feel more comfortable with Lord Dane than up here." And, ringing the bell, she ordered the tea taken into the dining-room. So they both went down again.

Now, somewhere about the time that Lady Adelaide's cries were first heard, Mitchel, the preventive man, to whom Ravensbird had spoken the previous evening, was again nearing the same spot in pursuance of his duty.

RAVENSBIRD'S INDIGNANT DENIAL.

As he turned round the ledge of rock, which there projected so far as to leave scarcely a foot of ground to walk upon, he heard angry voices on the heights, close to the ruins of the chapel. The man naturally looked up to whence they proceeded, and there, in the bright moonlight, he perceived, or thought he perceived, two men scuffling together at the edge of the cliff, as in a deadly struggle. The next moment one fell, or was propelled over the cliff, and awful shrieks from the chapel, or near it, broke out upon the night air.

For an instant Mitchel stood in dismay, in fear, his heart leaping into his mouth. As may have been gathered from his conversation with Ravensbird, he was not a particularly brave man: few men, permanently weak in health, are so. Mitchel, though he managed to keep up and go about his duties, was always ailing, and earlier in life he had been subject to epileptic fits. He drew near to the fallen, prostrate man, in tremor and dread, expecting to see him lifeless.

Lifeless he appeared to be. The face was upturned to the moonlight, the eyes were closed, the skin looked blue and ghastly, and the mouth was open. Mitchel's terror and dismay were not lessened when he recognized the features; for they were those of the Honorable William Henry Dane.

The man was perfectly ignorant of what it would be best to do. He shouted out at the top of the heights for help, but there was no answer: little fear that the murderer—whether one in intention or by accident—would answer him. He then took off his coat, laid it under Captain Dane's head, rubbed his hands, and rubbed his heart.

But Captain Dane, poor fellow, never moved, or gave the faintest signs of life. Mitchel felt that he was dead: and—what was he to do? The body must be got away, for in an hour's time the tide would be up: and indeed this had been Mitchel's last turn before going off duty, until the tide was gone again.

He pushed the hair from the clammy brow: the face was not injured in falling: he lifted one of the hands, but it fell dead again. And then Mitchel turned, and tore away at a breakneck speed, expecting to meet his comrade on the next boundary.

But he did not: whether the man had stolen a march upon time, and gone off too early, or whether he might have been seated under the rocks, and had suffered Mitchel to pass him, the latter could not tell. All he had to do was to tear on again at the same speed, and gain what they called the coast-guard station.

The coast-guard station was a low building; in outward appearance for all the world like a barn. Inside, it consisted of two rooms and a sleeping closet. And on this night, sitting round a blazing fire in the first room, to which the door opened, were a supervisor and three of his men. They were talking over the chief occurrence of the day—which had been known from one end of Danesheld to the other in an hour's time after it happened; namely, the quarrel at the castle between Captain Dane and his servant, and the kicking of the man out. Never was there a more scandal-loving place than Danesheld. Exceedingly astonished were they to be interrupted by Mitchel. He burst in upon them, his hair standing on end, and his face in a white heat.

"What's the matter with you?" exclaimed the supervisor, whose name was Cotton.

Mitchell could not answer. His heart was beating wildly, as he never remembered it to have beaten before, and he laid his two hands upon it, and staggered against the wall.

"Why have you left your beat? What brings you here?" continued Mr. Cotton in wonderment. "Can't you speak?"

"He's dead, he's dead," Mitchel at length panted. "I want assistance."

The supervisor stared, and the men turned round.

"Who is dead?"

Mitchel opened his lips to answer, but no sound came. They sprang forward and caught him just in time to prevent his sinking to the ground. The fright of seeing Captain Dane fall, the excitement, or the running, or perhaps all combined, had brought on what he had not been troubled with for years—a fit.

Of course they could make nothing of what he had said, about somebody's being dead and wanting assistance. The supervisor gave it as his opinion that he was only wandering in mind, the precursor of the illness. He sent one of the men out for a doctor.

The latter, Mr. Wild, was not at home: he was gone to spend an hour with Mr. Apperly, so the man went there after him. Mr. Wild hastened to obey the summons, and Mr. Apperly, who was a solicitor, accompanied him.

"What has brought this on?" demanded Mr. Wild of the supervisor, as he busied himself with Mitchel. "I suspect he must have been excited or agitated, and in no measured degree."

"He rushed in here like one possessed," was the supervisor's answer. "I never saw a man so agitated. His breath all panting, and his speech gone."

"Did he give no explanation?"

"Nothing that one could make top or tail of. He spluttered out some confused words about wanting assistance for somebody who was dead. I think his brains must have been moonstruck."

"I don't then, sir," spoke up one of the men, "I think his agitation was caused by something real. Mitchel's a quiet man, not given to drink, or to anything of that sort. Something extraordinary must have happened."

Whatever might have happened, their only chance of coming to the solution of the mystery was, by endeavoring to restore consciousness and speech to Mitchel: and this was effected in about an hour's time. The man was raised from his recumbent position, placed in a chair in front of the fire, and some refreshment given him to drink.

"Now, Mitchel," began the doctor, "let us have it out what upset you like this?"

Mitchel did not answer for a minute or two: he was probably recalling his recollection.

"What's the hour?" he suddenly asked. And the supervisor cast his eyes up to the clock.

"Getting on for ten."

Mitchel staggered up from his chair, but sank down again. He was weak yet.

"Then it's too late!" he uttered in excitement, "and his body will have been washed away."

"What is this mystery, Mitchel?" inquired Mr. Wild.

"I'll tell you, sir, as well as I'm able, but I don't understand it myself," was Mitchel's answer. "I had just got round Rock Point, as we call it, when I saw a man thrown over the cliff. I ran up to succor him, but he was dead."

"Thrown over the cliff!" was echoed by the bystanders. "From the top, down to the beach?"

"Pitched right over, he was. They were having words and scuffling together, whoever the other was—and nobody need go far to guess at him, knowing what's known."

"Why, who were they? who was pitched over?" cried the doctor, impatiently.

"Captain Dane, sir."

The name startled them all. Their thoughts had been cast to nothing more than some poor fisherman or smuggler; certainly not to Lord Dane's son. Mr. Apperly broke the silence.

"Do you say there was a scuffle between two people on the heights, and that Captain Dane was pushed over?" he asked of Mitchel.

"As it seemed to me, sir. They were quarrelling and struggling; and it is not likely Captain Dane would throw himself down."

"I fear, then, his assailter must have been the servant, Ravensbird," gravely observed Mr. Apperly. "He has been heard uttering threats of revenge against Captain Dane to-day."

"Not the least doubt of that, sir," returned Mitchel: "who else would attack Captain Dane? But I never thought the man would have done such a thing. I didn't dislike Ravensbird. But what's to be done?" he added in a more energetic tone. "The tide will be safe to have carried away the body."

"Was he dead?" asked the surgeon in a low tone.

"Stone dead, sir. It was that frighted me."

What was to be done, indeed? They might well ask it. A moment's consultation and then they all, Mitchel and one of the men excepted, started off towards the spot, by way of the land: the beach they knew would be impassable from the tide.

They laid their plans as they went along. Mr. Apperly and Mr. Wild would proceed to the castle and break the news to Lord Dane, and the rest would go on to the chapel and look down from the heights: they knew there was not the slightest possible chance that the body had not been carried out to sea, but it would be some consolation—to their curiosity, at any rate—to gaze down at the spot.

"I don't like the task," abruptly exclaimed the doctor as they went along. "The Captain was the favorite son."

"I'm sure I don't," returned Mr. Apperly. "It has been occurring to me for the last few minutes that the better plan might be to call on Herbert Dane, and get him to break it to them."

The surgeon eagerly caught at it, and they turned off to the right to the house of Mr. Herbert Dane, and found him at home. He appeared to be making himself comfortable, had a sofa drawn before the fire, a cigar in his mouth, and some bottles and glasses on a table at his elbow.

"This is your promised nine o'clock!" he called out, as they were entering. "A pretty long while to keep a fellow waiting: it's too bad, Harry. Oh! I beg your pardon," he added, as his visitors advanced. "I thought it was Captain Dane, whom I am expecting."

They did not take the offered chairs, but looked gravely at Herbert—as if hoping their grave looks might prepare him for what was to come.

"We have an unpleasant task to perform, Mr. Herbert Dane, and we have called on you, to request that you will help us out with it. We are on our way to the castle, bearing evil tidings to Lord Dane. An accident has happened to his son."

Mr. Herbert Dane did not appear to take in the ominous sound of the words: he was more intent on hospitality. He pushed aside the sofa, rang the bell for more glasses, and extended his hand to turn the gas on brighter. Instead, however, of turning it on, he——turned it out.

"A plague on my clumsiness! I am not used to the thing, and must have turned it the wrong way. The servant will be in in a minute, gentlemen: a cheery welcome, this, for you!"

"Mr. Herbert," cried the surgeon, "you did not understand us. Never mind the gas. We came to inform you of a shocking event that has occurred to Captain Dane."

"To Captain Dane! What is it?

"He has fallen—or been thrown—over the cliff, by the chapel. There is little doubt that it has killed him."

Herbert Dane put down his cigar, and turned his dismayed face upon them. They noticed how pale it looked as the fire light shown upon him.

"Fallen over the cliff!" he uttered. "When? How? When did it happen? I have been expecting him here since nine o'clock."

They told him all they knew, and asked him to break it to Lord Dane. He had rather not, himself, break it to him, he answered: Lord and Lady Dane had not been very cordial with him lately, and he should dread the effect of the communication on Lord Dane, coming from him. He would, however, go with them to the castle, and join in consulting as to what was best to be done. "What will you take?" he asked.

They would prefer not to take anything.

"Had you not better?" he urged. "Tidings, such as these, require support of some sort. Which of the preventive men, do you say, saw the affray?"

"Mitchel. A thousand pities that it should have been he. Any other of the men would not have lost his senses over it, and help might have reached Captain Dane in time, in case he was alive. There is sure to be some untoward fatality attending these cases!"

Herbert Dane tossed his hair from his brow, and then leaned his forehead on his hand, his elbow on the mantle-piece. "Did Mitchel not distinguish the other on the cliff with Harry—with Captain Dane?—who it might be?"

"Fast enough," cried the lawyer, who was a quick, fiery little man. "Who should it be, but the discharged man, Ravensbird?"

"Ah!" uttered Herbert Dane, a glow flashing into his pale countenance. "I must see him this afternoon, to take care of him."

"We are wasting time, Mr. Herbert," said the surgeon. "Lord Dane must be informed of this."

Herbert rang the bell for his hat, and went out with them. The man servant addressed his master as he was showing them to the door.

"If Captain Dane comes, sir, am I to ask him to wait?"

"No," mechanically replied Herbert.

Arrived at the castle, they asked for an interview with Lord Dane. The butler resolutely refused them. "You know, Mr. Herbert," he said, in a tone of remonstrance, turning to the latter, "that my Lord will now never be disturbed in an evening. Could not these gentlemen come to-morrow? Or perhaps they will walk in and wait till the captain enters. I don't suppose he'll be late: he dined at home."

"Bruff," cried the surgeon, who knew the servant, "we *must* see Lord Dane. An accident has happened to the captain, and—I do fear—you will never see him home again. Go in to his lordship; say that we have heard bad news, and have come to tell it him: he will be sure to admit us."

The butler turned from them in doubt and dread, and entered the dining room.

"My lord will see you, gentlemen," he said, when he came out. "My lady and Lady Adelaide are there," he added, in a low voice.

They entered. Not Herbert; he lingered outside. The butler held the door open for him, but he shook his head, and the man stepped back and closed the door.

"I declare I don't like to face them, Bruff. It will be awful tidings, especially for Lady Dane. I'll go in presently, when the brunt of the shock is over."

"What has happened, Mr. Herbert? They spoke of the captain, but he was quite well when he went out from dinner."

"I really cannot tell you what has happened: I don't understand," was the reply of Herbert. "They called upon me with a tale that he had fallen over the cliff, and asked me to come up here. It is incredible."

How the two gentlemen contrived to break the news to Lord and Lady Dane they scarcely knew themselves. Soon the house was in commotion. His lordship had not the use of his own legs, but he speedily set in motion those who had. Some of the servants were sent flying for the man, Mitchel, some for the police inspector, some across to the brow of the heights, some down to the bay to see if the American yacht was gone. Lord Dane was in great excitement, though he did not wholly believe the tale: as Herbert had said, it was incredible.

"What do you know of this, Herbert?" Lord Dane asked of the latter, when he at length went in. "When did you last see Harry?"

"In the afternoon; about two, I think it was. He was with that Colonel Moncton—or whatever the man's name is—they were coming out of the castle. Harry stopped me and said he would come in and smoke a manilla at my house this evening, and it was agreed upon. Nine o'clock he named. He was going to dine on board the yacht, but would be back by nine, for she would be setting sail."

"Did he come?"

"No. I was waiting for him still, when Mr. Apperly and Mr. Wild called."

"What do you think of this tale?"

"I can only hope that the man, Mitchel, was wandering in his brain before falling into the fit, and that Harry will be found safe on board the yacht," was the reply of Herbert Dane.

Lady Dane was pacing the room restlessly: she occasionally put a question to Herbert. Lady Adelaide sat on a sofa, her head bent down and buried in the cushions.

"Any one, but you, would be over on the brow of the heights," cried Lord Dane, sharply, to his nephew, "looking out for—"

"I have been," interrupted Herbert. "I went over with Bruff while the news was being broken to you. Supervisor Cotton and some of his men were there."

"And what did you see?" interrupted Lady Dane.

"Nothing at all. The tide was up and the

beach underneath was covered with it. Everything seemed calm and quiet."

"Were there any traces of the scuffle on the heights?" rejoined Lord Dane.

"None whatever, so far as we could see by this light. I don't know what may be visible by day. Cotton declares he does not believe a word of the story."

"Neither do I!" cried out Lord Dane, very much in the manner of a man who would like to brave out something that he does believe.

Of the messengers sent out, the first to return was the servant who had been despatched to the yacht.

The yacht had gone when he reached the bay, had sailed out nearly two hours before, and must be then far away, for the wind was fair.

"Then there's no knowing whether Harry went on board or not," groaned Lord Dane. He had unconsciously clung to the hope that the Pearl might still be in port and his son on board of her, and to find that it was not so, came upon him like a keen blow.

"The captain had not been on board, my lord," rejoined the servant. "I saw Mills the sail-maker, who was on the Pearl at work all day, only quitting her at the last moment. He said Colonel Moncton was disappointed that the captain did not come to dinner, and that he had to sail without seeing him. I asked Mills if he had seen Captain Dane about, down there, this evening, but he said No; he had come on board with the colonel in the afternoon, for an hour, but he had not seen him since."

The inspector of police was the next to arrive; but Mitchel did not come at all. He was not sufficiently well to venture out again that night. The inspector heard the various stories, and received Lord Dane's orders to apprehend Ravensbird, and to bring him before him the following morning.

At length the castle was cleared. But the old Lord and Lady Dane sat up the livelong night hoping that Harry would return, hoping against hope. Had they heard Mitchel's testimony by word of mouth, they might have been less sanguine; but they sat on in some expectancy. The tide receded from the strip of beach, leaving nothing on it, leaving no signs that anything, dead or alive, had been on it. And the morning light dawned upon the earth, and the morning sun shone out to gladden it; but Harry Dane had not come.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY ADELAIDE'S OATH.

Just before entering Danesheld, standing in a somewhat obscure spot, though near to the fishermen's huts, was a small inn, or public house, called the "Sailor's Rest." It was kept by a man of the name of Hawthorne, who had once been gamekeeper to the Dane family. It was a well-conducted inn, of rather a better class than a common public house, professed to afford good bed and board, and had its share of custom. Among those fond of frequenting its bar and parlor were the men servants from the castle; and it was to this place that Ravensbird proceeded when turned out by his master, intending to take up at it his temporary sojourn.

On the morning afterwards, the landlord was in the bar alone—or, at anyrate, he thought he was alone. He was busy polishing his taps, and setting things straight, according to his custom before breakfast, when one of the preventive men, on his way down to the beach, came up the passage and entered.

"Half a gill of rum, landlord; the morning air's chilly."

"'Twas a bit of a frost I fancy last night," responded the landlord, as he handed him what was called for, "but it'll be a fine day."

"I hope it will, for the work that's got to be done. They'll be dragging for the body in shore, and all Danesheld, I suppose, will turn out to see."

"Dragging for what body?" returned the landlord. "Has anybody been lost?"

The man was in the act of putting the glass of rum to his lips; he drew it back in astonishment, and gazed at the landlord.

"Why! you don't mean to say you have never heard?"

"What is there to hear?"

"Of the calamity that has overtook the castle. Captain Dane's murdered."

"Captain Dane murdered!" echoed the landlord, doubting whether his ears were not playing him false.

"He was murdered last night. It's a odd thing you didn't hear of it—though perhaps you were shut up when the folks came back from the castle. Mitchel was on his beat, and saw a scuffle on the heights between two men, not knowing then who they were, and one pitched the other over and killed him. When Mitchel got up to the fallen man he found it was Captain Dane—stone dead."

"Good mercy preserve us!" uttered Hawthorne.

"And that fool of a Mitchel comes rushing up to the guard station at the pace of a steam engine, which we conclude up-set his heart, or some other vital part of him, and must needs fall into a fit. The consequence was, that nobody knew anything about it till he came to, which was more than an hour after, and then the tide had covered the beach, and washed the body away. Sickly fellows, like Mitchel, are never good for much."

"Poor gentleman!" exclaimed the landlord. "It was only the day before yesterday he stopped at the door here and spoke to me as he went by. What an affliction for my lord and my lady! Who was the quarrel with? Who threw him over?"

"His late servant, Ravensbird."

The landlord backed against the shelves as if thunderstruck, and an iron ladle, which he held in his hand, clattered on to the ground.

"Ravensbird!" he uttered, in a low, awe-struck tone, "Ravensbird!"

"Ravensbird, and nobody else. He was not long carrying out his threats of vengeance."

"Why, he has been lodging here ever since yesterday morning. He is up stairs in bed at this moment. I couldn't have slept in the same house with him, if I had known this last night."

"He must have dodged Captain Dane, and waylaid him on the heights. The curious part of the affair is, what took Captain Dane over to the brow at all; some think that Ravensbird, in some cunning way, entrapped him into going, and then—"

At this moment, an interruption occurred which nearly made the landlord and the speaker start out of their skins. A high-backed, wooden screen went partially across the bar, its seat in front facing the fire. At the back of the screen stood the landlord and his customer; and at this critical juncture the head of Mr. Ravensbird was propelled round it, glaring at the two in indignation. He had been quietly seated there all the time.

"Your name's Dubber, I believe," he said, looking at the preventive man. "How dare you stand there to traduce me?"

Dubber was, as the saying runs, taken to. He was too confused to make any reply. And Ravensbird walked round, and confronted him.

"By what authority do you accuse me of the crime of murder?"

"Well, now, Mr. Ravensbird, if what I said is not true, if you are innocent, I'm sure I beg your pardon," he answered, gathering courage and his wits together. "But you must not blame me. If I had not told Hawthorne, the next comer-in would. When events like this happen, people will talk; and if you were not mixed up in this, you'd be the first to talk of it, yourself. Mitchel saw the affair, and saw the captain pitched down; and he says the other was Mr. Ravensbird."

"Mitchel says that it was I! That he saw me?"

"As I hear; the men were saying so last night. I didn't hear Mitchel speak myself, for I wasn't in the guard-house till he had gone."

"Is what you have been asserting true?—that Captain Dane is murdered?" pursued Ravensbird.

"Oh, that's true, safe enough. They are getting ready the drags to search for the body."

"On what part of the heights did it happen?" proceeded Ravensbird.

"Off the chapel ruins. He fell down just Beyond Rock Point. But I must be off, for my time's up," added the man: "unless I'd like to get reported."

He turned round as he spoke, and departed, glad to be away from the stern eye, the sallow face of Ravensbird. "Putting them questions as if he'd like to make believe he was an innocent know-nothing," thought Dubber. "But they won't avail him much, when he's carpeted before my Lord Dane."

Ravensbird turned his eyes on the landlord, when they were left alone. "What do you know of this business, Hawthorne?"

"If you were sitting in the screen, Mr. Ravensbird, you must know as much as I. I have only heard what Dubber said."

"What do you think of it?"

"I can't think. Who would do harm to Captain Dane? He had no enemies, that I know of. I'm sure the quarrel with you was quite unlike him?"

"Unlike his general nature. He was put up—and so was I. Where's my hat? Up stairs, I think. I shall go out and ascertain the truth of this business."

He quitted the bar to go to his chamber, and almost at the same moment the inspector of police entered it. He ranged his eyes round and round, as if in search of some object, and then nodded to the landlord.

"Good morning, Hawthorne. You have got Master Ravensbird lodging with you, I hear. Is he up yet?"

"He was here not an instant ago, sir. He's gone to his room to fetch his hat. He wants to go out and learn the particulars of this sad business about the captain. Dubber has just been in to tell of it. I'm sure you might have knocked me down with a puff."

The inspector withdrew from the bar to the passage, and there he propped himself against the wall. The position he had chosen commanded a view of the back door of the house, as well as of the front. Almost immediately Ravensbird appeared, and the inspector accosted him.

"A fine morning, Mr. Ravensbird."

"Very. I am going out to enjoy it."

"An instant yet. I want to say a few words to you."

"Not now," impatiently returned Mr. Ravensbird.

"No time like the present," was the reply of the inspector, as he laid his hand upon the man's shoulder. "Don't be restive: I *must* detain you."

Ravensbird turned his sallow face on the officer, his eyes flashing with anger. "By what right? What do you mean?"

"Now, Ravensbird, don't be unreasonable: take things quietly. You are my prisoner, and all the resistance in the world will not avail you."

Ravensbird's answer to this *was* resistance. He strove to wrench himself from the inspector's grasp, and, though short of stature, he was a powerful man. Had it come to a tussle of strength between the two, he might have gained the victory; but before he well knew where he was, or what had happened, he found a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

"The most senseless thing a man can be guilty of, is to try and resist an officer in the execution of his duty," observed the inspector, in a tone of pleasant argument, as though he were discussing the point with a knot of friends. "You need not suppose we do our work by halves, Ravensbird: had you escaped me, you would only have jumped into the sheltering arms of my men, who are planted outside of the house, front and back."

"Planted for what?" fumed Ravensbird.

"For you. And there they have been all night, since Lord Dane gave me the orders to arrest you. I thought I'd do the thing politely, and wait till morning: or I might have knocked up the house and taken you then."

"How dare Lord Dane order me into custody?"

"That's his affair."

"He is no magistrate: by what right does he grant warrants? He—"

The inspector burst into a laugh. "A stipendary magistrate, no. But he *is* Lord of the Manor, and Lord Lieutenant of the county. Don't question Lord Dane's *rights*, my man."

Ravensbird appeared to be cooling down. "Understand me," he said. "I do not want to resist the authority of the law, and if I were free as air this moment, I should stay and face this matter out. But, what I am vexed and annoyed at, is this: I was on the point of going out to inquire; to ferret out particulars; I have a motive for doing so that you know nothing of: and I'd rather have given a ten-pound note out of my pocket, than have been stopped in it."

The inspector coughed; as incredulous a cough as ever man gave vent to. In his opinion, there was not a shadow of doubt that the attacker of Captain Dane was the man before him: and he looked upon the words as being put forth in cunning deceit.

"I'm sorry I can't spare you. If you can convince Lord Dane of your innocence, why you'll be at liberty perhaps before the day's over. But there are no particulars to learn, beyond what are universally known. The struggle took place, Captain Dane was thrown down, and the tide washed the body away."

"Dubber says the struggle took place by the ruins."

"Not ten yards from them," replied the inspector, who was a good-tempered man, and liked to humor his prisoners. "But what's the use of your keeping up this show of ignorance, Ravensbird?" he added. "You have got an old card to deal with, in me. As if there was any living man could tell the time, the place, the facts altogether, so certainly as you."

Ravensbird looked the inspector steadily in the face, never quailing. "You may be an old card, experience has made you one, but you have taken the wrong man in taking me. I did not know that any accident, any ill had happened to Captain Dane, until Dubber just now told it; I did not know but he was alive and well; and that I swear."

"Now don't you take and swear to any nonsense, or it may be used against you," was the retort of the inspector. "I never care to make bad worse, for those who come into my custody; it's not my way; but when prisoners get chattering, and letting out all sorts of slip words in their folly, why I'm obliged to repeat it again. The best thing you can do, is to sew your mouth up, until you are before Lord Dane. And that's friendly advice, mind."

Possibly Ravensbird felt it to be so: for, if he did not observe it literally and sew up his mouth with thread, he at any rate relapsed into silence.

Between nine and ten he was conveyed to the castle. Lord Dane was seated in his audience chair in the great hall: though so physically powerless, his mind was as vigorous to conduct the investigation as it had ever been. Mr. Apperly, in his legal capacity, sat near him, a small table and pen and ink before him; Squire Lester, Supervisor Cotton, and a few others were present—but not Mitchel. He was expected, but had not come. A sensation was created when Ravensbird in his handcuffs was introduced by the inspector.

"You bad, wicked man!" broke forth Lord Dane in anguish, forgetting the dignity of a magistrate, in the feelings of a father, "could nothing serve your turn but you must murder my poor son?"

"I did not murder him, my lord," respectfully answered Ravensbird.

"We don't want quibbling here," interrupted the lawyer, who was of an excitable temperament, apt to put himself into heats. "If you did not deliberately murder him, with a knife, or a club, or a pistol, or anything of that sort, you attacked him and threw him over the cliff. I don't know what else you can call it, but murder."

"I never was on the heights last night. I never saw Captain Dane after he turned me from the castle in the morning," responded Ravensbird. "Who accuses me of this?"

"Now, my good man," impetuously broke forth the lawyer, "this absurd equivocation will not avail you, and you only waste breath and my lord's time in using it. You have brought enough sorrow upon his lordship, without seeking to prolong this trying scene."

"I asked who was my accuser, Mr. Apperly," doggedly repeated the prisoner: "and I have a right to be answered."

"Circumstances and your own actions are your accusers, and Mitchel is evidence," returned Mr. Apperly. "He witnessed the struggle on the heights, and he saw you push down Captain Dane."

"Could not Mitchel have been here by this hour," feverishly put in Lord Dane, looking at the Supervisor.

"I thought he would have been up before this, my lord," was the reply of the latter. "I'll go out and see after him."

"Does Mitchel say it was I, struggling with Captain Dane?—that he saw me?" inquired the prisoner, as Mr. Cotton left the hall.

"Of course he does," answered the lawyer. "Do you imagine he would conceal it?"

"Then he tells a malicious, gratuitous lie," exclaimed Ravensbird. "And he must do so to screen the real offender."

Lord Dane bent his head forward, and spoke. "Ravensbird, as Mr. Apperly says, this line of conduct will only tell against you. Had no person whatever seen the transaction, there could not have been any misconception upon the point, for who else, but you, was in ill blood with my son? Of the nature of the quarrel between you and him, yesterday morning, I am in ignorance, but it is certain that you must have provoked him most grievously, and you quitted my roof, uttering threats against him."

"My lord, so far, that is true," replied Ravensbird, calmly and respectfully, "I gave Captain Dane certain information, by which I thought to do him a service, but he received it in a contrary spirit. It was connected with his own affairs, not pleasant news, and it called forth anger on his part towards me. I felt that it was unmerited, that I was harshly treated, and my own anger was roused. I answered my master as I confess I had no business to answer him. We both grew excited, beyond control, and he ordered me out of the house and kicked me down the stairs. I ask you, my lord, whether it was likely I could take it calmly, without a word of retort? I had been a good servant to my master, had served him faithfully for years, and that only made me feel the insult more keenly. I left the castle, and for the next two hours all I did, was to give vent to my feelings in harsh words—"

"You said you would be revenged," interrupted Lord Dane.

"Ten times, at least, I said it, my lord, and many heard me, but by the end of the two hours my anger was spent. Harsh words they were, but idle as the wind. I never seriously entertained the thought of taking vengeance on my master, I had but spoken in the heat of passion: and, before long, I actually began in my own mind to find some excuse for him."

"You forget that your struggle with him was witnessed by the preventive man."

"It never was, my lord, for no struggle with me took place. What Mitchel's motive for accusing me can be, I cannot tell: either his eyesight deceived him, or he is screening the real offender at my cost. But I don't fear; the truth is sure to come to light."

"The truth is to the light already," sarcastically replied Mr. Apperly. "I am astonished at your ridiculous persistence, prisoner. You may just as well hold to it that the sun is not shining into the room at this present moment. But all this is most irregular, and only a waste of time. Inspector, is there nothing we can proceed with in order, while waiting for Mitchel? Are there no witnesses to be examined?"

The police inspector stood forward and addressed Lord Dane. "Your lordship has done me the honor to put the conducting of this case into my hands," he said, "and I must ask to be allowed to question a witness—or that your lordship would question her. It has come to my knowledge that there is one of your lordship's family, who perhaps may be enabled to throw some light upon the affair: I speak of Lady Adelaide Errol."

There was a pause. Lord Dane did not reply. Mr. Apperly stared, and the inspector continued,

"I have been informed that the Lady Adelaide proceeded as far as the ruins last night, just about the time the affray must have happened, and came back screaming, in a state of extreme terror. It strikes me, my lord, that her terror may have been caused through having seen something of the affray: and I should like to question her."

"I have questioned her," replied Lord Dane. "She says not."

"Pardon me, my lord, if I hold my own opinion. Her ladyship is but young, most likely timid, and she may feel afraid to confess to it. It may be necessary—with your lordship's sanction—to administer the oath."

Lord Dane despatched a summons for Lady Adelaide. The reader must not suppose that things were conducted with the regularity that they would have been in a formal court. Nothing of the sort. Lord Dane ruled, and the rest bowed to his will.

Adelaide came in, not daring to disobey. She was in a white morning dress, ornamented with blue ribbons. The sunlight fell upon her auburn hair, and her color went and came painfully: one minute she was crimson; the next, white as her robe. She shivered and shook as she took the oath.

"Had your ladyship any motive in going out to the ruins last evening?" asked the inspector.

"It was a fine night," she faltered, her voice scarcely audible.

"You had no suspicion that any quarrel or affray was about to take place there?"

"Oh, no!" she vehemently answered.

"It took you by surprise then. Will your ladyship tell us what you saw?"

She burst into tears. But for her oath, she would have denied seeing anything, as she had hitherto done.

"Speak out," said Lord Dane, sternly.

"I ran across to the ruins: it was very stupid and thoughtless of me: and I went inside," she sobbed. "I stood a few moments to take breath, and I fancied I heard voices, as if in dispute."

"And then?" eagerly questioned Lord Dane, for she had paused.

"I crossed the ruins to the other door, the one nearer the sea, and looked out. Two men seemed to be struggling on the brow of the precipice, and I saw one fall over. I was nearly terrified out of my senses; I believe that, for the moment, my senses did leave me: all I remember is, that I tore out of the ruins, and back here, screaming."

"Why did you not state this?" sharply demanded Lord Dane.

"Oh, I was too frightened," she shivered, "I was sick with fear. I thought if the men should come after me, and kill me for watching them."

"Did you recognize one to be Harry?"

"No, no. How could I recognize them in that short moment?"

"My lady," interrupted Mr. Apperly, "did the other seem to bear any resemblance to the prisoner here?"

"Not that I saw or thought of," she answered. "It did not strike me that either of them was Ravensbird."

"If she could not recognize my son, she could not recognize Ravensbird," observed Lord Dane.

"My lady," struck in the inspector, "did no idea, ever so faint, convey to your mind who either of them might be?"

The question—from him—seemed to excite her anger, and she turned her face haughtily upon him.

"Did you not hear my replies to Lord Dane and Mr. Apperly? Had I recognised Captain Dane or his adversary, should I be likely to say I did not? To what end? What had the affair to do with me?"

It takes a great deal to stop a police inspector. And this one proceeded as deliberately as though he had received no reproof.

"Nor the voices either, my lady? Did you not recognize them?"

"I recognised nothing," she impatiently answered. "I was too terrified. May I retire?" she added, turning to Lord Dane. "If I stop here forever, I can say no more."

"An instant yet, my lady," interrupted the inspector. "Did the other—the one who did not go over the cliff, attempt to follow you, when you ran away?"

"Not that I saw; not that I know of. I did not look round to see."

"My lady," continued the undaunted inspector, "I must ask you one more question, and you will pardon me for reminding you that you are upon your oath, before you answer it. Have you told *all*? Is there nothing that you are keeping back?"

But the question was never answered. For Lady Adelaide overcome by emotion, caused perhaps by past remembrance, perhaps by present perplexity, turned deadly white, and fell back on a chair.

"She known no more," said Lord Dane. "Take her up stairs to my lady."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

MRS. GURNEY'S LETTER.

We have hesitated somewhat before publishing the letter of this evidently gifted but erring woman in defence of her conduct. But the great interest that attaches to it, owing to its earnestness and ability, and the religious connection, and former high social position of its author—and because we think its perusal will do more good by teaching charity towards the erring, than harm by its sophistical pleadings for wrong doing—have finally decided us to lay it before our readers. The corner stone of the false doctrine of Mrs. Gurney, is the sentiment that the pursuit of happiness—and not the doing of right—is the great end and aim of our existence in this world. But few of our readers will need to have the false pleadings based upon such a defective foundation refuted. While many will pity the errors of one whose strong but willful nature was so little in harmony with [illegible] of the most exemplary, but, at the same time, straitest of sects, and leave it to those who happily "are without sin," to "cast the first stone."

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

"Continental" writes us from Meadville, Miss., suggesting a shrewd method of raising funds to complete the monument at Washington. His plan is novel, to say the least; in fact, it strikes us as bold, original, and peculiar, especially the last. He says:

Let the National Monument Association get the consent of the proper authorities for them to have the possession of the case and contents in the Patent Office, containing part of the wardrobe of Washington, the sword he wore in battle, the dress he wore on the occasion of his resigning his power as Commander in-chief of the army to the Congress at Annapolis, the crab apple-tree walking stick presented to him by Dr. Franklin, the cooking utensils, furniture, &c., used by Washington.

Having this case then in their possession, let the Association select a competent person to lecture in all the important cities and towns in the United States, on subjects pertinent to the purpose, taking with him the case and contents, and a Bible, with his eye often fixed on the eighth commandment. The presence among them of these relics of the mighty dead, would rouse up and stimulate the dormant sentiment of gratitude to Washington, in every community. Let it be understood that the proceeds of the lectures would be appropriated to the completion of the monument, and the people everywhere would flock *en masse* to hear the lecture and view the relics; they would gaze on the sacred remains of even the garments which Washington had worn, with deeper feeling than that displayed by the Roman populace when Mark Antony showed them "Cæsar's vesture wounded;" and doubtless such lectures, and such relics, would be the means of furnishing sufficient funds, in one year, to complete the monument.

No doubt fastidious persons may find plausible objections to the propriety of this course—to its want of dignity, &c.; but it is not so humiliating as the *fact* that the monument remains unfinished, by an admiring people, through a long series of years, in a country continuously the most prosperous on the globe, and that prosperity mainly due to the man to whom they *don't* erect the monument.

There is nothing substantially objectionable in the nature of the project proposed; and carrying it out will build the monument.

CONTINENTAL.

We are not certain but that "Continental's" plan would succeed in raising the needful, and we would suggest, in case it is adopted, that there is only one man in the country who could do full justice to the idea, by acting as showman and lecturer. Of course, we allude to the illustrious Barnum.

THE LAW OF RETURN LETTERS.—The Postmaster of Philadelphia says that, in order to have letters returned to the writer after a certain period (instead of being sent to the dead letter office), it is not sufficient that the letter should merely state who it was mailed by, neither is a simple *printed* business card regarded, but a proper form of endorsement would be, "If not called for within — days, return to —, (writers,) No. — South Third street, Philadelphia." The Postmaster also says that the above should be *in writing*.

THE LOTTERY HUMBUG.

An article recently published in *The Post*, including a copy of a lottery-circular received by an unbelieving individual in Peoria, Illinois, has brought to us letters from correspondents in the South-West, inclosing sundry similar circulars. As the *Inquirer* of this city, moreover, states that one of its editors had received one, and that large numbers had come to the Philadelphia post-office, we think it probable that the country has been flooded with these impudent circulars, promising large prizes to the recipients, in view of the notice that such prizes will attract to the lottery dealers.

We have very little doubt that this card has been found to be a profitable one; and that tens and twenties have flowed in rapidly upon the "agents" in question. And those who have lost their money in this way, are rightly punished for their greediness, and their desire to profit by unfairness. We hope such loss will teach them to be wiser in the future, and to bear in mind that the man who would ask their complicity in an unfair scheme, would naturally not scruple to pluck them as soon as anybody else.

The firms in Wilmington, Del., by whom these lottery circulars are signed, are "Hammett & Co.," "D. E. Bishop & Co.," and "Corbell & Co." Whether these are different firms, or merely different names for the same firm—"the same old coon"—we are unable to say. It matters very little, however, whether they are all one, or all different—for they are one in spirit, if not in corporeal substance. It is evident that the moment a lottery dealer offers to *insure* in the least degree, the success of one ticket over another, his lottery loses that aspect of perfect impartiality and fairness which is its very life.

It is a sad and disgraceful thing, that these lottery dealers should be allowed a lodgement on her soil by our gallant little neighbor, Delaware. And when it is considered that such lodgment is merely sought on account of the advantages afforded by the central position of Wilmington, to operate in those Northern and Middle States where the lottery is prohibited, we think the conduct of Delaware in sanctioning such a common nuisance, is hardly consistent with the claim her sister States naturally have upon her.

It is just as well, perhaps, that while these Delaware Lotteries do exist, they should be conducted by the most unreliable men, and on the most dishonorable principles. A fair lottery is, in our opinion, a worse evil than an unfair one. The latter cuts so very sharp and keen, that the people soon learn instinctively to avoid it;—and, therefore, we feel well satisfied at these recent developments. Any man must be a natural fool, who would deal with lotteries which send out offers to discriminate in their prizes—and to prefer men of mark and who have a large acquaintance, to those of lesser note. And as for the natural fools, they are bound to throw their money away in some direction, and perhaps might as well mail it to Wilmington as to any other point.

IN THE FIELD AGAIN.—We are pleased to see that the firm of Yard, Gilmore & Co., wholesale dealers in silk goods, &c., whose premises were recently considerably injured by fire, have opened with an entirely new stock of articles in their line, at No. 610 Chestnut street, above Sixth.

☞ We would call attention to the advertisement of the SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES. The Sunday-School Union, its proprietors, are offering great inducements to subscribers. The TIMES is ably edited by Prof. Hart, of this city.

☞ THE CATHOLIC HERALD AND VISITOR, of this city, announces, in the last number, that it will be hereafter sold at four cents the single copy. It is an ably conducted paper.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE REASON WHY: NATURAL HISTORY—Giving Reasons for Hundreds of Interesting Facts in connection with Zoology; and throwing Light upon the Peculiar Habits and Instincts of the Various Orders of the Animal Kingdom. By the Author of "The Biblical Reason Why," "Inquire Within," &c. Illustrated with numerous engravings. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann street, New York.

THE SUNNY SOUTH; OR, THE SOUTHERNER AT HOME, Embracing Five Years' Experience of a Northern Governess in the Land of the Sugar and Cotton. Edited by Prof. J. H. Ingraham, of Miss. Published by G. G. EVANS, 439 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

A MAN. By Rev. J. D. BELL. Published by James Challen & Son, Philadelphia.

OCCASIONAL PRODUCTIONS, POLITICAL, DIPLOMATIC AND MISCELLANEOUS, Including, Among Others, a Glance at the Court and Government of Louis Philippe, and the French Revolution of 1848, while the Author resided as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States at Paris. By the late RICHARD RUSH. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

PATENT OFFICE REPORT (Agriculture) for the year 1859. By the Commissioner of Patents.

INTRODUCTORY COURSE OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, for the Use of Schools and Academies. Edited from Ganot's Popular Physics. By WILLIAM G. PECK, A. M., Professor of Mathematics, Columbia College, New York. Published by A. S. Barnes & Burr, New York.

PRACTICAL CALCULATOR; a Pocket Manual of Plain Rules and Calculations for Business Operations. By MARTIN M. ROMMEL. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July. For sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

JESSIE CAMERON. By the Lady RACHEL BUTLER. Published by R. M. De Witt, New York.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for August. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia.

☞ A brilliant young gentleman remarked, the other day, to a lady with whom he was bowling ten pins, "I think, Miss, that you would have made a capital baker." "Indeed, sir, why?" "Because you make such excellent rolls."

☞ A bride anticipates grief, for she constantly dreams of ringing her fingers.

MRS. GURNEY'S LETTER.

The Great Quaker Elopement.

Our readers will remember the elopement of Mrs. Mary Gurney, a lady of the Quaker connection in England, young, rich, accomplished, the mother of one or two children, who last year left her husband's house, and went to the Continent of Europe with her groom. The event caused a deep sensation not only in England, but in this country where the family is well known. Mary Gurney is the legal wife of John Henry Gurney, a member of Parliament for Lynn-Regis, Norfolkshire, England. They are second cousins, he being the son of the late Joseph John Gurney, the well known banker and minister of the Society of Friends at Norwich, and she the daughter of the late Richard Hanbury Gurney, also a banker. The two fathers were first cousins. Samuel Gurney, the banker and philanthropist, of London; Elizabeth Fry, the prison-reformer; and another sister, the wife of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the great leader in Parliament for West India Emancipation, were the brother and sisters of Joseph John Gurney. There is hardly a private family in the world better known. The following letter, in which Mrs. Gurney attempts to vindicate her conduct, was written to a female friend of hers in England, and has hitherto been circulated in that country in pamphlet form.

PARIS, Jan. —, 1860.

DEAR E———: Your name has been always on my lips and in my heart, and you alone of all the world have never questioned me. I come to you again, E———, as I have so often—as I did when we were children, when you folded me trustfully in your arms—and say to you: I am as I was then; and I hear you say: Tell me nothing, for I believe you always, and there must be no questioning between us.

What I shall write to you will not be to cast a doubt upon our perfect and entire sympathy by any explanation, but to fulfill what I feel to be a duty toward you—to put you in possession of all that may weigh in the least degree with those at all understanding my nature, before whom you care to justify your steadfast attachment to me, though the performance of this duty, dear E———, may impose upon me the revelation of my inmost life. If, in your judgment, there will be here presented aught of such justification, show it to them, wholly or partially, just as you think well, remembering that this is for your sake, not my own. My justification it would be needful to make before a much wider tribunal, for I have perpetrated an act which the whole conventional world have leagued together, in ignorance, prejudice and hypocrisy, to denominate a crime, and I could expect little or no sympathy from that wide bar of public judgment that knows nothing of me nor of my surroundings, and which never could be made to comprehend my nature; or, comprehending it, would not even then, at this day, be prepared to accept any argument or explanation in extenuation of my course.

E———, you remember me at fourteen; you remember the time we returned from the visit to Wymondham; you remember how, repulsing the cold influences overcoming me in spite of myself, I dashed down in the carriage the plain bonnet they had asked me to wear that day, and stamped on it, and let all my hair fall down upon my shoulders, and said: I am free. You remember it well. And then, at last, when the carriage reached the house, how we threw ourselves into each other's arms, and I had no more courage, and feared to avow the act, telling them you sat down on it—and you were still; and then how I cried all night, that I denied the truth of my nature—that I was not free.

E———, that day repeated itself through my life—in every act, in the worship of God, in my marriage, in the very conception of my children; and I looked forward to its last repetition only in my death.

It is past now—my living death is over. I have chosen between the universal condemnation of the world and my own sense of right; not in any sublime way, but in the simple, truthful way my nature craved. I lie down in the evening and rise in the morning, for the first time since a child, blessing God for my existence. Nothing can rob me of this now but death alone. I have that treasure to a woman's heart that a woman can alone understand—the open avowal of the love that controls her being. With it, part of it, all of it, is the man, free from prejudice, filled with every noble aspiration, who is its object. Should I, I ask you, have preferred the reputation which the world accords to her who, yielding to its forms, becomes daily the living lie it approves?

They who go on disposing of human instincts, human affections and human brains in their own way, according to their own sense of right and wrong, should go further; they should change their meeting-houses and churches into monasteries and convents, and watch the religious aspirations they would control by daily and nightly supervision. Into their homes they should introduce harem espionage, that the bodily instincts, which they hold in enforced compliance, may never have an opportunity to assert the truth about themselves.

Heresy and adultery, the two excommunicative words, which social life suspends over the doomed head of a woman who thinks and acts contrary to its rules of action, have not that full power and effect they are supposed to have. Nothing but actual physical imprisonment of the body, and, if it were possible, of the mind, can prevent a woman from becoming the secret avower of her belief and of her instincts. The excommunicative words do not restrain from either offence; they only develope that unquestionable vice of woman's weakness, hypocrisy.

The brain, when infidel, is infidel by its own proper organization, and they who assail its infidelity strike vainly at the God who made it, and implanted it in every new-born soul; the body, when infidel to the connection in which it is placed, is so by its own proper instincts, and they who attempt to control it strike, likewise, at a law of its creation.

When will narrow-minded, bigoted men learn that the one absolute, controlling law of a woman's nature is love—that it is the only good and desirable thing about a woman—the only reliable thing about her? They can trust her, with her love, to live in a house of prostitution; they cannot control her, without it, by the most absolute, social ostracism.

And this love, what is it? It is a power present always in the world, which, recognized by two like natures, thenceforth binds them to each other, beyond the control, and in violation, if need be, of any other law—as my mother's love bound her to my father, and my father's love bound him to her, and gave me my being—a being cradled in the tenderest, truest passion that ever existed between two human beings.

How long have I been in ascertaining and yielding myself up to this divine law! What wasted years! What subjections derogatory to the vilest nature! What hypocrisy, dishonoring to God! What suffering have I caused this man, assigned to me alone, since that day on which I first in him recognized myself!

It seems so long ago; it seems far longer to me than the time makes it; it seems as if an eternity had rolled backward to that day.

Oh, I had questionings of right and wrong in that fathomless interval of despair, far other, far deeper, than all I had been taught or could be taught by their lips—questionings that brought me to the very brink of death.

Why should I have loved him? Why do I love him? What is it I love in him? All this I have asked myself a thousand times, and there has never been, can never be, an answer to all this questioning.

Yet I say now to you: Why should I not love him? What is there not to love in him? My heart only answers: What is there in me that I should be loved, that I should know that joy which in its truest moment makes all years of other time a mockery?

And these questions do we ask each other daily and nightly forever.

And yet there is one reason, they say, why I should not have loved him—one word there is which the world places as an impassable barrier between us—a word that has never crossed my lips till now—a meaningless word, and yet involving in their eyes a crime as great as that adultery which I commit—just as great, for both are equally meaningless as touching our relation.

And that word expresses the social position he bore me. Rather than have been his lawful wife even, I might have been a king's mistress, or any nobleman's paramour, with less off-nce.

And I, who was the reputable bawd of marriage rites, was I above him? I, a daily offence against decency in obedience to the same social law that would have forced him to lifelong humility? Was I above him? How? In what way? I, sunk, in the abasement of my own weak unnatural compliance, below the veriest nameless outcast? Could I be above anything? Was he not at least my peer? He, who, if we leave too much vapid questions of distinction, is Hyperion to a Satyr compared in person with me—short, fat, little body that I am!

I have silently asked myself in his arms, when I dared not soil our lips with their utterance, about these words—groom and adulterer. Yet well I knew that they had no relation to our love—that they were but words—that a true soul no social contamination defiles or degrades—that nobility unrecognized and virtue an outcast, wherever placed, are eternally the same.

I had learned these lessons from a parent's lips. The example of my own true hearted mother had taught me this. My own life had been given me in violation of society's teachings.*

Noble-hearted woman! who could say (I their child, and the only one that blessed at last their union, nearly a year old then): Richard Gurney, I have withholden from you nothing; I have sacrificed all at the altar of love—even my little Marian—yet I ask no formal bond of union in return; I care not for it. What I had when our little one's life began—what I have now—what I know nothing can deprive me of now—your love—contents me. And he as nobly answered: Not for the sake of it, Mary, for it will have but little acknowledgment for my kindred or the world; but for the pride of the open avowal, and for the sake of our little girl, I marry you.

And this love, so true, so self-immolating, met, as he anticipated, with no approbation from his family. You remember how my husband, as an especial favor, asked Miss ———, and would solicit the members of his family, to accompany me to see my mother—a woman as far above them all in every instinct of her soul as was my father—the true representative of the Lords of Gournai and Le Brail.

Yet such was the affectation of superiority they always persevered in!

I know the world says we who are of English lineage never look so low to find high things.

This is not, and was never, true of me nor of my blood. I would, were it needful to find my ideal, as my father before me, search through any situation, just as men dig down for jewels; and I would have delved to the uttermost profound for that which I now possess. But he whom I loved was not so far; he was near me by the permission of that social law we have offended. The home of his family became established near my own. He was oft actually beside me, and separated only by that word from me; nay, he had right to touch me by permission of this social law—was charged temporarily with the safety of my life even—could speak to me, but respectfully—respectfully! *He who was in reality of kindred blood,* and made for me—for me—whom they paid court to, not because of the instinct of that blood, but because of the narrow thrift of my kinsmen.

But enough of this. I might have spared myself the contempt that tingles through my veins.

I loved him, E———; that was all. He became all I did, all I said—my very life. If I say more I may err, for I truly know no more, and shall never know more than this.

The whole scope and measure of a woman's heart and brain, and the whole purpose of her being, is love; and her whole knowledge forces itself into one inquiry: Am I worthy of the love of him I love? And does he love me? But I have thought over all this social matter, and have asked myself if I could have loved him better if he had not been what he was—if he had been a member of Parliament? Well, they had been plenty in our family; there were, among the rest, uncle Hudson, and cousin Charles, and cousin Edward Buxton, and cousin Priscilla's husband; so, too, father had consented to be; and, finally, Jackey himself was there, and filling Walpole's chair, or at least the edge of it. And what was it but too palpable a sham? We all knew this—men and women—and we lived on it meanly, enjoying the empty honor and the empty praises of those in truth below us, because they so stupidly praised us. Oh, it was so foolish, all this member of Parliament pride! I loved William rather because he was not a member of Parliament—at least, because it was not his *aspiration. And then, if he had been an elder of the meeting?* He! What think you of that, E———? Or my lord bishop of Norwich—the lord of diluted *pater noster*—was he above him? Are these the things to marry a breathing woman to? Does any one think a *liaison* with the bishop would have ennobled me?—or the embraces of the elder?

It is scarcely needful to say to you, my dear, that in the above there is not the slightest personal disrespect intended to Mr. Pelham, or any other individual being.

True men are not such. A woman's instincts repel such forms of men. You may dress the real as meanly as an American slave, or you may elaborate the attire of the counterfeit to the antipodes of this—to pontifical robes—and the living soul of a woman will never fail to distinguish the false from the true.

Why you, yourself, E———, would have wept your eyes out, I am sure, if I could have deliberately linked myself to the lifeless purpose in which the vitality of such beings ends.

He is not one of these. He is a man, E———, whom I love. Do you wonder I love him? It is because he is a man—a man, and not a hollow make-believe.

It is so with every true woman. In her love she recognizes no distinction of position. The gods of her idolatry, like the statues of the Greeks—whether standing in a rough warehouse or in the Louvre—remain unchanged in the calmness of their beauty and power. We ask nothing more of them but themselves, to gaze upon them, to become intoxicated, and to die with the love of them. Such seems to me the man to whom, by the profoundest law of my nature, I yield my being.

But will the world understand this? Perhaps it is the accident of my place and estate, that, surrounding me with what passes by the name of power, made me see its emptiness—that, uniting me to the highest representative of a religion in the person of a son who put it lightly off, made its meaningless character apparent—that, teaching me to strengthen a family distinction by the unconscious sacrifice of myself to him in whose control I had been somehow left, taught me to question if it were right, and at last to rise above and throw off the chains of an unnatural compliance.

My intercourse and secret correspondence with you from my early girlhood taught you how wayward, how passionate I was; and those letters are so much a part of me that I cannot write anything again as they were written.

You have preserved them; read them again, even to the days that followed my unnatural blood-kin union and its results.

Blood kin union it was. Intermarriage always.

There was the marriage of my husband's uncle John with my aunt Elizabeth, first cousins.

Blood kin union of my husband's father and mother, third cousins.

Intermarriage of my husband's uncle, Henry Birkbeck, with Jane Gurney, third cousins.

Intermarriage of my husband's father with Mary Fowler, cousin of his first wife.

Is it strange that such unions should prove unfortunate? Elizabeth Gurney and Jane Birkbeck only survived their marriages a year. Jane Gurney, my husband's mother, lived but four or five years of marriage life.

There, too, in the case of grandfather and aunt Agatha, was the anomaly of father and daughter marrying sister and brother.

There was the marriage of my husband's cousin Henry with Jane Birkbeck, his second cousin.

Then came the marriage of Catherine Gurney with her first cousin, Edward Buxton.

Then Rachel with Thomas Buxton, another pair of first cousins.

About a year thence, after the interesting grief on his part at the death of his aunt Fry, our uncle Buxton, and his old Balls, John Henry brought about his marriage with me, both of us the great grandchildren of the same pair—I, a thoughtless girl, then staying at Earlham, and he nearly twice my age. But I don't blame them. Heaven knows their ignorance of my nature, and the utter want of congeniality in everything between his and me.

You know the ideal my heart and passions craved, and you know this reality circumstances and family considerations brought me; and you know from the day of that marriage I was silent. For when body and soul were in this, at last, both gone, I resolved to bear all patiently and submissively—to act and be the lie to the last. Indeed, as years wore on, it became almost my nature. I lost my inner light, as they say. I became a woman to look down from my social position, and dwell in the *proprieties for ever.*

There was then but one hope for me, and that hope was based upon the fact that I could not write to you. The pure, simple instincts of my girlhood, the ungratified passions, the real intelligence, lingered in me still. I dared not write to you—to you, who knew me so well, I dared not confess what my life had become. Yet more—I still had faith in my nature, because I felt I was silently degrading the crowning act of my mother's life by my weak and unnatural submission. I had faith over all when I first shrunk from the compliance with my vow, and when I prayed its living fruit might be in her image, and not in mine. I felt then the force of nature. * *

Thus year after year passed away, and thus should I have lived and died; but I saw him, I heard his voice, I learned daily his thoughts, I revelled in his nature! Then I wrote to you again; my faith had become a living power; I began a new life.

Then came the fall, as ever before. The influence of social restraint was too terrible, and I sunk back as I did that day when we were children. This last assertion and denial of my nature brought me to the verge of death, but it brought me to reason also; and then, an altered being, weak and broken down, I rose, and with one fearful, silent struggle, that our sex's nature alone can know, I was forever free! Oh, the revelation of that hour! Life seemed in a moment no longer hard and difficult. Its relations were simple, its passions legitimate, its love supreme.

But *let me narrate to you how I awakened to* the reality of my position, my after experience, and how at last I had the strength to accomplish my emancipation.

The first few months of my married life I was truly not happy; but I cannot speak of that period as one of unhappiness. Indeed, during the whole spring, I did not fully realize what that covenant means that disposes finally of the life of a woman, and that, too, at a time before the meaning of her nature consciously asserts itself. The novelty of the change, the new interests arising, the necessity to be a wife—all these feelings and emotions shut out myself from myself. And so it went on, month after month, in which I cannot recall anything that awakened me fully to the reality of my position.

But, E———, it was ordered in my life that it should come, and it came. A simple incident defined to me the meaning of my vow.

Among our visits to Earlham was one we made on the first day of the following autumn. I remember the date and the appearance of the country well. I shall never forget either. The fields were undulating with their golden grain. Costessy Park was in its fullest verdure. Everything seemed rejoicing in the coming harvest—the happy maternity of earth. And so we reached Earlham.

The first object I saw was Anna's child. It impressed me profoundly. I took him in my arms, and as I looked at him everthing grew dark about me. I had been before the toy of a ceremony; I was now a conscious wife. Beautiful lawn and woodland, summer breezes, kindness, marriage rites even, what can they avail against the first awakening consciousness of a crime against nature?

I was wholly without sympathy; there were none around me to understand me. If I had spoken my thought the very air would have been filled with condemnation. I, a wife, had a right to entertain for an instant such an idea? Could I dare experience an instinct of aversion? Had I a right to say I had been violated—that I was what all women loathe?

I could not understand it; yet there it remained, a fact of my nature, asserting itself against the condition in which I was placed, and from which apparently no earthly power existed to release me.

I returned to Easton an altered being; but this feeling wore off somewhat in the routine, and in the necessities of married life—for his father's death, occurring shortly after, you remember, involved many changes and responsibilities, which turned, in a measure, for a time, the current of my thoughts.

Afterward succeeded, at constantly recurring intervals of a year or two, many other deaths in our families which tended to check my free indulgence of thought, till at last my feelings settled simply into a sense of a vague but awful responsibility of a violation of the social law.

You must recall the constant distress and trouble into which we were all plunged by the successive deaths of his sister Anna, his aunt Catharine, my father, and the children. The family at I——— Hall, too, was a weight which never ceased to press upon my heart, and, indeed, upon my whole existence.

And so I lived, but not among the living. I had my inner life and my outward life—what, I doubt not, other women have had as well as this poor one at Catton. I drummed, in the old school-girl way, into my husband's ears the set tunes for the piano, utterly unobservant of the music. I dressed in the same mechanical way to receive his relations, and thanked God when they were gone—and so underwent, beneath a conjugal yoke of continued kindness, a slow death. I entered into the life around me as an actress, real herself only when away *from* the stage of her action. I became the same that other women become, who turn from human faces to brute things for comfort. My early passion for horses and dogs proved then my consolation. I had to the full that mental nervousness which craves allayment in action. It would be impossible to admire a horse more than I had always done. It was an instinct of my nature, just as of Landseer's, or of old Mary Bresse's, of glorious memory; but I loved them now for they were so much to me!

But when alone, immured, away from every one, I lived my fullest life. My imagination went away boldly, admiringly, lovingly, to other men. They were not objects of jealousy, dear E———, for they were dead.

I lived with the memories of the founders of our family—men who never sat upon the clerk's stool, and could never have claimed the benefit of clergy—men with strong arms and stalwart frames, making their deeds of knightly prowess known in a hundred battles—with the memories of Hugh, and Walter, and Matthew and John, who in the Holy Land fought at Prince Edward's side, and rendered their red cross a terror to the Paynim. And my memory, only too tenacious, as you know, kept each noble form before me, with all the vividness of a present reality.

I lived with them, too, in their pastimes, in which—side by side with the Black Prince, in the eyes of their sovereign, and their gracious mistress, his Queen Phillippa, at the tournaments, held on the very spots where I daily rode—they mimicked their glorious achievements upon the veritable fields of blood which they had won.

I admired their splendid force, their brains not emasculate with such education as I saw around me, nor hampered with narrow trade tricks. I wondered what work they would be about if they were living to-day. I tried to imagine how any of the family could have got down step by step, generation after generation, to studying Greek verses, or calculating per cents.

Hugo alive, I knew well, would not be a praying banker, but abroad in the free, air, adventuring crusader, simply and naturally, in whatever way the time demanded, just as the man I love, simply and naturally, and yet so irresistibly, rescued the sepulchre of my buried hopes and desires, against the law and the power, the ignorance and the infidelity to human nature, of all around me. All things great are simple. In the crusades my ancestors adventured, they went a long way across the world. It was as far as the distance between groom and lady, but not further. They conquered what was their own by right of their nature and their belief, and with such a struggle as every one must undergo who undertakes the assertion of his right against social law.

They conquered theirs as he did also his own; and does not his seem an act like or nobler than theirs? Is the rescue of a dead body a worthier act than the rescue of a living soul?

It was not so hard a conquest. My requirements were simple and natural. I was surrounded by everything unreal and artificial. I demanded the society of a living man, free from the education and influences of a family holding all these foolish theories that deprive us of the real enjoyments of life—one who could look upon water as water, and drink it without a homily—look upon food not as a subject of prayer, but of mastication—enjoy the sunshine and air as sunshine and air, and talk with men and women as such without shrinking from them as heterodox, or loving them as orthodox too well—one who could listen to music and find it pleasant to the ear, and not be exercised whether God intended it should be agreeable—who could contemplate a picture not as an engine of the devil, but a work of art—one who could enjoy all delight as requirements of nature, and not as subjects of a deep concern. In Mr. Taylor I found such a man. He looked upon all these things as, indeed, I also saw them; but with him it was not a matter which cost him questioning. He knew it all without thought, and without education, as they call it. He lived in the intuitive knowledge of it.

In the interchange of kindred thoughts about these things we lived day by day, until, unconsciously, *I found myself craving every* word he spoke. I found his presence, which took me back to the men of my ancestral pride, a necessity of my life, and, at last, I felt myself for the first time beneath an influence of love.

The night that followed this discovery, when I knelt down by my bedside, his image stood between me and the far-off height on which my subjected brain had placed God.

And when I saw him there, I struggled, as I had been led to believe was duty, to dash down the image that stood at once in the way of my human vows and in the very presence of the stern, methodical God of their education.

Yet there it stood, and there it must stand forever. Yes, dear E———, I loved him almost before I knew it; and he, I felt, moreover, loved me, though not a word was spoken between us. It was not his to speak, and I would have concealed from my very inmost self the fact of this love.

But it could not be so forever. To maintain the form of a superiority, where none existed, became at last an impossibility. We loved, and the expression of it I foresaw could no longer be controlled by either, and so it came first from my lips. He was rising beside me, and did not reply to me. He said, out into the air, into the heavens: God has given me too great a joy. Then he turned to me and said: I have loved you from the first day I saw you. I loved you because I felt it was my destiny; other than this I know not why; I only know I loved you.

Dear E———, he was so beautiful, so noble then, in the expression of that love so long concealed. The earth whirled around me, and his arm caught me falling unconsciously. When I came to myself I was resting on his bosom, confident of its strength as of a breastplate of iron, though I saw his eyes dim with tears.

We rode homeward in silence. There was a beauty in the very stones beneath our feet.—The wayside flowers had an odor too exquisite to the sense. The air and sky were filled with an influence too beautiful for earth. I was very, very happy. Could this feeling have rested in me, I had been content—faithful to my duty, as I had been taught—to have lived ever so. But my heart was now craving constantly the repetition of that moment. It could not be satisfied but in his presence. Hitherto patient only under a sense of wrong, I now began to be agitated by a passion in which every feeling of my life had centred.

It is not necessary to recount all the conflicts which it brought to me, nor to trace the way in which my nobler nature sunk gradually before the threatened penalty of social destruction; it is enough to say that I was borne by it to the decision which involved my destiny, and I yielded to the social law for the last time, because I had not yet come to that point at which a woman, driven to the very presence of death by the pressure of a false relation, thinks at last for herself, and hesitates no longer how to shape her course, should even the remaining wreck of her life be dashed to destruction.

Last autumn I began to feel myself breaking down. I could live thus no longer. When the time came we usually went to London, a while before the opening of Parliament, I felt that the crisis had come. If I went down with my husband in any hope of escaping the feelings that were mastering me, I knew well that on my return this life of passion would only re-commence at sight of its object. If I remained alone, I believed I had strength to put it from me—I believed I could part with him, if for the days or weeks that would follow, after I had left him, I might meet no other gaze than God's—if I might exhaust the despair that I well knew would follow in silence.

I remained, therefore, at home.

I was not deceived in myself. The artificial being they had created of me was strong enough to assert itself and to sacrifice the love that lay in my heart's depths—but not till the last moment. It was only upon the very brink of my husband's return that, arousing myself from the brief dream of happiness into which, secure in his absence, I had weakly fallen, I could summon the energy to take the draught of agony which, I believed, the hand of duty had prepared for me.

But further delay was now impossible.

I had him come to me. My heart was like a cup overrunning; my grief knew no expression. He was before me, at my feet. I cannot describe—no one dares acknowledge what passes between lovers, sundered by a social law; it is not possible to express that life within life, the innermost, the last.

I have brought you to me, I said, because I can see you no longer—I am dying.

My God! it seemed to me then as if my heart would break—as if I should go mad!

A moan of agony came to his lips.

He looked up at me; the intelligence of his face was gone; his eyes were dim; the despair that was in me changed his face to stone.

I looked on him immovably; I could say to him: We must part forever. I could repeat again the phrases of social life: There can be no honorable recognition of our love—its open avowal will bring disgrace to my husband and odium upon my children.

And how did he reply to me? Shall I confess, even there, in that hour of my strength, my utter weakness! I longed for a pleading word. One look of tenderness, and I should have fallen at his feet a ruined being, but rained in the acknowledgment and utter abandon of my love.

Well, he knew all this; but in that crisis he was true to himself, and to me; and when he ceased speaking, I was again strong. My head, my heart, every instinct of my being approved his words, his looks, his actions.

He had saved me. He, as I knew him in that hour, was my strength; through him I conquered myself. I was strong in that final trial, as a woman only can be strong—through the soul and heart of the man who stands steadfast to himself and to her to the bitter end.

He said: Even in this hour, when every hope and joy of life have sunk away into eternal despair beneath your words, I can be true to my sense of right; I believe life requires no sacrifice; I believe self sacrifice wrongs not only her who, blindly, in its belief as right, accepts it, but those the more for whom it is accepted. If, with your sense of duty, you were to sever the relation which binds you to them, it could bring you no happiness; its severance, as you feel, would bring at last misery to both, for your happiness is mine. There is no rule, no duty in life, but the pursuit of happiness. Mine can alone be purchased now at the cost of your own, and that is mine. We must part, then, forever!

The utter despair of these words can never leave my heart.

* * * * *

There were many things he said in this last interview which I recall, but it matters not now should be repeated. Our lives express them more clearly than words. He spoke of the false relation which he had gradually been led to assume, and into the continuance of which our passion had held him day by day.

I knew well, he said, it should long ago have been terminated; but I knew not then, as now, the controlling power that has kept me by you until this hour. I believed, first, that I might love you, and that you might remain forever unconscious of my love. And so I lived till this was impossible. And then my life became one eternal delay of hope, enduring all to this last measure of despair. It could not be otherwise. I believed from day to day that you would see clearly, as I saw, the right, and so it might at last end. It is over now. My life is over. My lot is hopeless, endless misery. I accept it for your sake—for the memory of our love.

Then my life, my very soul, met his in one long kiss of agony, and we parted, as I believed, forever.

I had conquered my life; this social law had achieved its triumph.

When my husband reached home I was strong to do the last duty which my position imposed upon me. I knew well that, cost what it would, this must also be done. I must live the life, to which I was bound, openly. I went to him and told him of my love, of my resolution, and of our separation. Much passed between us at this horrible time; but all that was in my heart to say was just these words: I love William. Of the rest, and of what followed, I have no clear remembrance.

I only knew now that he must be gone—that life, hope, all were gone, though I remained there still that honorable thing, a wife! For me, it was determined that I should leave England for a time. I was to travel. A change of scene they prescribed for the invalid of the heart. It was always the same—the same ignorance of a woman's nature and its necessities. They would have me enjoy Paris, Rome. They would substitute the splendor of the Vatican for some little flower that might perchance come from his hand should I remain at home. It seemed so much more to them.

Absorbed in the contemplation of the ruins of my life, I took no heed of these arrangements for my departure, but abandoned myself a willing prey to despair.

When the full measure of my grief had exhausted itself, I arose a new being.

From that moment I was myself. I had driven every hope, every feeling, from my heart. I had received from his lips the last sacrifice a man can offer to the woman he loves—the abnegation of himself for her happiness; and I declare before Heaven, that it was my resolve to do what I thought right, though it cost me my life; for I had nothing now to live for.

I had long followed blindly a passion that brought me to the verge of social destruction. I had renounced it.

I had blindly followed for years, a path of duty which had degraded every instinct of my nature to its last measure of degradation.

I could feel no more—I reasoned.

The meaning of the life I was about to enter upon was now distinctly before me. What it appeared to me, I well knew it was, in very reality, for I was now freed from my love. I had sacrificed all for duty. I could see now to what the blind obedience of that duty had led me. What I was I now knew.

My soul was clear from hypocrisy—there was not any lie upon it now. I had confessed all. My very life was laid open to my heart's core. My love was gone, as well by his will as my own, forever.

What had I accomplished? I had preserved the chaste name of wife. I had preserved the honor of my husband and the reputation of his children. And to do it, I was beneath his roof, and was about to submit myself to his embraces without love.

For these considerations of honor and reputation, I was about to lead voluntarily a life of prostitution, distinguished from it only by the social fiction of a name, and I felt myself more degraded for all this honorable hire than she who accepts her paltry dole in the streets.

I was, moreover, about to fulfill functions from which every fibre of my body shrunk with abhorrence. I was there to give life to offspring created in my own degradation, in violation of my will and nature, the effete offspring of blood kin, children to die feebly before their time, or perhaps to come into the world, they, or their children, deformed, or dumb, or blind, or imbecile. I, who was perfect myself, and formed to receive and transmit the sacred treasure of a new life, was to become voluntarily the matricide of the more perfect conceptions which should be mine.

Better, in the agony of that thought, I said, better death than this—better self-immolation of body and soul; it were far less a crime.

And then, shuddering with horror upon the brink to which duty had led me, I supplicated my soul imploringly for light, as I asked myself the great question: Does any law of God sanction, shall any law of man have the power to continue, the bond of marriage where no love exists?

And I answered it, as my children, if they inherit aught of my nature, shall at last approve, as the world shall at last come to understand.

Thus was I at once and forever severed from all former relations and left alone in the world.

I write these last words quietly, here at my writing desk; but that inquisition of my brain, it was terrible—more terrible even than the death I had accepted in parting from him.

But my decision was made, and I was calm then.

I knew in that moment the rest of a fearful struggle of the brain—the poor, weak brain of a woman—that swept the world, though, beneath her feet.

There was grief in that family, when I became in that decision myself, and stood a stranger among them; when the social fabric, his children, their father, false pride, conventional position—all had overthrow; when my mother's wrongs had revenge, and my father's love had justification in the child of his life-wronged wife.

But their grief was joy to the agony of calm in which I made that decision.

Not a tear came to my eye when I told it them; not a pulse stirred in my breast. How inconceivable to them all this agony.

My husband was even still solicitous to preserve the form of a union, now no longer possible in reality. One of those formality doctors of the soul was sent for—his uncle Francis. O! after all the agony I had passed through, I might have been spared the sight of one of those whose words had sanctioned and stamped upon me, as if by the authority of God, all this misery.

But how weak and idle to me were his words about theological sin and social infamy. They fell on my ear, in constant repetition, meaningless as the dropping of the beads of a rosary.

He told me I was imperiling my soul, and he left me with some formal expression of pious horror, when I told him I would willingly incur that risk.

And now I was alone in the world—my life still before me—severed from every living relation—to be lived or ended. What new connections must I assume? Unsupported, helpless, alone, where should I go? What must I do?

In those past ages the convent doors would have been open to me; but my intelligence, the intelligence of the very age in which I lived, forbade me the immolation of my living body and my free soul.

And then came to me again the idea of suicide.

I did not shrink from this thought superstitiously, as fearing to rush unbidden into the presence of the offended deities. I had no such thought. It meant to me only rest from this great burden and weariness of life—to lie down and sleep while it was yet day—to sleep forever.

But I was too calm for the rashness of this act—too strong. If they, who retired to the cloister from a sense of a superstitious duty, willingly endured its burden, I, with larger intelligence, could not sink beneath their lower thought, and weakly die. No; I had committed no crime that I should die; nor were my past misfortunes a reason why I should voluntarily impose new ones upon my life to come. I knew I was in the world to live. Vigor of body, of mind, passions, desires, reason, all that goes to make up a human soul, were in the full tide of existence; and I was here surely not to contemplate death, but to fulfil the functions of life—of a new life.

For I had absolutely died in that decision to live free from my bond. I was dead to all past relations and connections. I was dead to the social world around me, as if I had never lived before. The consciousness of my identity was gone. Every eye rested strangely upon me. I was as a child new born. I would have put out my hands simply as a child, for I was in the living world, again, a stranger; new-born, with a life in perfect maturity.

And so came the final question:

Shall the right I have asserted to live apart from my husband be followed by cutting off every desire, by marring or concealing every beauty, by devoting the remainder of a life, already cursed by an involuntary indiscretion of youth, to asceticism, and so continue in another form the struggle against nature to the end? or accept the creed of the man I love, and seek also my highest happiness in the gratification of that love, which every instinct of my being approves?

And my answer to this final question is before you and all the world.

As I said at first, dear, I have no misgivings about the sincerity of your affection for me, under any changes of life; and I feel just as sure that you will never doubt the constant, undying friendship of your LITTLE MARY.

To Mrs. ———, London.

* NOTE.—We see it stated that Mrs. Gurney's mother lived some time with her father, before their marriage.—*Ed. Post.*

NAPOLEONIC DESIGNS ON ENGLAND.—A discovery has recently been made which has excited a great sensation in the limited circles in which the facts are known. We allude to the circumstance of a chart of London, drawn up in obedience to the Imperial behests, having fallen into the hands of a gallant admiral, in which all the leading banking establishments, jewelers, and other places containing valuable property, are distinctly marked out for spoliation in the event of a French invading army succeeding in reaching the metropolis. In conjunction with this chart of London, another drawing has been found, indicating the very place where the French intended to land, with papers pointing out their contemplated plan of procedure. We are assured that the Napoleonic intention was—we think it likely it has been abandoned by this time—to land 50,000 men at that part of the coast indicated, and with them to march to London, taking the place, but instead of permanent occupation, condescendingly limiting their stay in the British capital to three days—a time which Louis Napoleon deems sufficient for the purposes of plunder, and also for the humiliation of England. We believe we are correctly informed when we say the facts we have mentioned have been communicated to Lord Palmerston, and that noble lord has deemed them of sufficient gravity to lay them before his colleagues in office. We will only add that the admiral into whose hands the plans and papers in question accidentally fell, is a near relative of one of our leading metropolitan members, and that it was on the suggestion of the latter that the information was given to Lord Palmerston, and that the charts and documents were placed in his lordship's hands.—*London Morning Advertiser.*

RESCUE OF A RESCUER.—Sherman M. Booth, who was awaiting trial in the "Glover" rescue case, was taken away, a few days since, from a room in the Custom-house at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in which he was confined, by ten armed men, and carried off into the country, while the U. S. Marshal and his deputies were at dinner. The keeper was silenced by threats of violence. An attempt to re-arrest him at Ripon, was met by drawn revolvers on the part of the crowd, and given up.

THE Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley has recently been engaged in a discussion on sporting matters in the columns of The London Field. In one of his communications he thus establishes his claim to be considered a Grammarian and an expert in Natural History. He says: "I ought to know the English *rabbit* naturally and scientifically, having studied *ornithology*, and killed and eaten *them* all my life." He further makes mention of a whale as an "ornotholigical specimen."

LORD ELPHINSTONE, long Governor of Bombay, died recently of an exhausted constitution. It was rumored that he was sent to India when the Queen was yet in her teens, because her Majesty then was deeply smitten with him.

AT NIGHT.

"Dying? You do but jest!
You smile in the dark, I know!
Surely I should know best
How the quick pulses go.
Lay your hand on my cheek:
Feel, though you *see* not, the red.
Why, in another week,
I shall have left my bed!

"It was being so long alone—
So sick of the world's vain strife,
Uncared for, and unknown,
That sapp'd the springs of life!
You have given a world of love:
Nay, soften that anxious brow;
Is not *our* God above?
He *will* not summon me *now*.

"The summer is coming fast;
I can scent the rich perfume
Of the lilac by the door,
And the delicate apple-bloom.
Where shall our year be spent?
I long for the hills of Spain—
We will go to Rome, for Lent,
Then back to our home again.

"Oh, what is this sudden pang?
Is it growing darker, Will?
Heavily goes my heart,—
It is almost standing still!
Raise me—I cannot breathe—
Pray for me, love," she said.
"Father, into *Thy* hands!"
And my young wife was dead.

SWEETHEARTS.

BY A WIDOW OF THREE HUSBANDS.

People talk of *making* love. There is no such thing—it *grows*. The seed is sown with one pair of eyes, through another pair of eyes, in the soil of the heart, and there it vegetates. And a wonderful plant it is, this love. The magic flower in the fairy tale that caused doors to open and walls to sink into the earth at a touch, was a fool to it. The changes produced by its necromantic influence beat all the old enchantments hollow. It sometimes converts an ordinary young fellow into an Adonis, before you could say Jack Robinson, and a pock-marked maiden with red hair, becomes, under its spell, a smooth-faced Venus, with auburn ringlets, in the twinkling of a bedpost. Its effects are not always, however, so abrupt and sudden. Much depends upon the soil of the heart where the eye-seed falls. If it is soft and rich and warm, *presto!* up springs the enchanted plant, like the germs of seed sown in wet flannel, when a shock of electricity is passed through them. This is called "love at first sight. The whole process of sowing, growing and developing, does not take sixty seconds; and no further cultivation is needed. The agency of sighs, tears, smiles, and misty glances, may be admirable for the ventilation, the watering, and the sunning of a love that is backward in coming forward; but "love at first-sight," being perfect at its birth, requires no stimulants to make it bud and bloom. When the little love-seed falls on a hard or a tough surface, it is quite another affair. The eyes that planted it must occasionally moisten the soil with tears and warm it with tender glances, or ten to one it does not die in the flint, for lack of nutriment. But, pshaw! girls, why should I describe love to *you*? Don't you know, all of you, either by instinct or experience, what the article is, how it is planted, how it grows, and how to *cultivate* it? I guess you *do*. And as for the men, I am not talking to them at all.

About accepted sweethearts, girls, and how to treat them. Ah! there, now, I have the advantage of you. I have been through the pleasure-grounds of courtship and the thorny thicket of matrimony *three times*, and if I have lost some of my roses on the route, I have gathered a good many of those tough specimens of moral botany known as *experiences*. If you think these credentials give me a claim to your confidence, take my advice. You will find it sound, honest, and practical. In the first place, never give your declared sweethearts reason to believe that you are over head and ears in love with them. It won't *do*, girls. The male of the human species generally requires to be kept on the *qui vive*. No matter how much you love him, *play him like a trout*; for, however much he may be in love with you, it is an even chance that you lose him, if you don't. Men are afraid of women who are *too fond*, be sure of that. Afraid of them as *wives*, I mean.

Don't let your lover come to see you too often, young lady. Make your presence a treat to him, to be contemplated in advance with the same rapture that Mahomet said he experienced in his dreams about the houris of paradise. That favors easily obtained are soon at a discount, is a proverb as old as the hills and as flat as dish-water, but, nevertheless, as true as gospel. Therefore, be chary of that pretty mouth of yours, Miss Sweet-lips. You understand me. Though your teeth were whiter than the whitest water-lily, and your breath more fragrant than Oriental ottar of roses, *custom* would stale the beauty of the one and the perfume of the other. Keep your lips to yourself, fair lady, until you make them over in fee simple, at the altar. And *don't* be sentimental. *That* style is "played-out." The men have been Rosa Matilda'd to death. The high-flown and the extra-poetic are drugs, and there is no demand for them in Cupid's market. If you have a leaning toward the lofty and the emotional, career the other way and lean earthward, like the tower of Pisa. Depend upon it, that the "high-horse" sentiment, is a bad nag for the matrimonial course.

A word with the beauties. If heaven has made you as handsome as St. Cecilia, young lady, don't mar the gift by being as haughty as Lucifer. Above all, don't play the satrap over your adorer, and put, figuratively speaking, your delicate foot upon his neck. The masculine animal does not like to be abused, even by a gaiter-boot no bigger than Cinderella's slipper. If you *must* snub him, at least be wise enough not to do it before folks. Never humiliate him in company. Shall I tell you why I give you this counsel? Because after marriage *his turn will come*, and revenge is a delicacy for which man has a decided relish. I have often seen the insults of courtship paid off with interest in the connubial state—haven't you?

Should "Women's Rights" happen to be your particular weakness, my dear, the less you show your hand to your sweetheart, as regards that point, the better. Keep your views about "female suffrage," and all that, *perdu*, as a pleasant surprise for him after the knot is tied, and he is fairly launched into matrimony. Otherwise he might *slide off*. Men, prejudiced creatures that they are, have a notion that strong-minded women are all Mrs. Candles. "First catch your hare," as the old cookery book says; you can then "cook his goose" as you think proper. Perhaps, upon the whole, if you can get rid of your idiosyncracy it will be as well; or if you can't do that, it may be wise not to marry at all. There is room on the "platform," I believe, for a few more single sisters.

Lady-bird, if you happen to be engaged or even if you hope to be engaged, don't flirt too much. A systematic flirt may succeed in showing her power by rendering her lover jealous and unhappy for a time, but she is sure to end by disgusting and alienating him. The best way to *fix* and *rivet* the affections of a true man—and anything below that mark is not worth any woman's winning and wearing—is to be *natural*. Some young ladies, whom I see daily, and have at this moment in my mind's eye, are singularly unfortunate in their attempts to attract admiration. There are just such girls everywhere, and I dare say, every female reader of this article knows at least one or two of them. They never attempt to put on a grace or a virtue, without running into its parallel fault. Thus, when they would seem cheerful they giggle, and when they propose to themselves to be bashful and retiring, they play the prude. Reserve with them degenerates into the sullens, and when they would be lively, they are hysterical. Even religion—when it is their cue to be saintly—they put on as if it were a full dress of black sackcloth; and in fact, under no circumstances do they appear as Heaven made them. From topknot to gaiter-sole, they are all artificial. No man ever loved, or ever will love, an artificial woman very long, take that for granted.

So, my pretty dears, all of you who desire good husbands—fellows that you can anchor your hearts on, and so anchored, feel safe and happy in the hardest typhoon that ever Misfortune blew—be as the Lord made you, and put on no airs or affectations. No birds that are worth nesting with, are to be caught with such chaff. You don't want popinjays for partners. Neither do men, that *are* men, want popinjay wives. Diplomatize a little, if you like, in a courtship—manœuvre for substantial and honorable victory, for the sake of its fruits, if you will, but beware of practising any deceit, or resorting to any stratagem that, discovered in the future, might render the nuptial couch a bed of thorns. Be true to yourselves. Govern your hearts with your heads, and choose wisely and deliberately. Marriage *is not* a lottery to the prudent and discreet.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

A LADDER WITH TWENTY-FOUR ROUNDS.

An English duke walking in his garden one day, saw a Latin copy of a great work on mathematics lying on the grass, and thinking it had been brought from his library, called some one to carry it back.

"It belongs to me, sir," said the gardener's son, stepping up.

"Yours!" cried the duke. "Do you understand geometry and Latin?"

"I know a little of them," answered the lad, modestly.

The duke having a taste for the sciences, began to talk with the young student, and was astonished at the clearness and intelligence of his answers.

"But how came you to know so much?" asked the duke.

"One of the servants taught me to read," answered the lad. "One does not need to know anything more than *the twenty-four letters* in order to learn everything else one wishes." But the gentleman wanted to know more about it. "After I learned to read," said the boy, "the masons came to work on your house. I noticed the architect used a rule and compasses, and made a great many calculations. What was the meaning and use of that? I asked, and they told me there was a science called arithemetic. I bought an arithmetic and studied it through. They then told me there was another science called geometry. I bought the books and learned geometry. Then I found better books about the two sciences in Latin. I bought a dictionary and learned Latin. I heard there was still better ones in French. I got a dictionary and learned French. It seems to me we may learn everything when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet."

They are, in fact, the ladder to every science. But how many boys are content to waste their time at the first two or three rounds, with not pluck or perseverance enough to climb higher. Up, up, up, if you want to know more, and see clearer, and take a high post of usefulness in the world. And if you are a poor boy, and need a little friendly encouragement to help you on, be sure, if you have a *will* to climb, you will find the way, just as the gardener's son found it afterwards in the Duke of Argyle, under whose patronage he pursued his studies and became a distinguished mathematician. Stone's Mathematical Dictionary—for Stone was this young gardener's name—was a celebrated book published in London some years ago.

JAPANESE CLASSES.—The Japanese nation is arranged under eight distinct classes, their privileges, mode of living, dress, and even daily expenditure, being distinctly laid down in severe sumptuary laws. The classes consist of princes, nobles, priests, military men, professional or learned ones, merchants, and, lastly, artisans, or laborers. Occasionally, through wealth or merit, individuals are advanced to the class above that in which they are born; but to descend into an inferior one, is to forfeit all claim to respectability.

☞ No man will excel in his profession if he thinks himself above it; and commerce will not flourish in any country where commerce is not respected.

ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY.

The following condensed account of a lecture delivered by Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, on the 2d instant, during the sitting of the American Scientific Association at Newport, Rhode Island, furnishes the chief points of a discourse which, it is plain to see, was of great value and interest, as it was highly appreciated by the intelligent assembly that heard it. The conclusions as to the causes and accompanying phenomena of thunder-storms gratify by their simplicity and distinctness:

Professor Henry gave an exceedingly interesting lecture at Aquidnock Hall on atmospheric electricity. He first stated the many theories which from time to time had been given relating to the origin or source of the subtle fluid or element. It had been supposed to be produced by the friction of the currents of air in motion. It had also been attributed to growing vegetation: also, to evaporation. It was well known that boiling salt water produced electricity. Steam blown off from a locomotive was a source of electricity, but it was frictional. Upon the whole, the origin of atmospheric electricity was not conclusively ascertained. There is a theory that the atmosphere is not electrical *per se*, but only by induction; that the earth is electric, and the air only electric under certain conditions. This was Pelcher's theory. It had not been adopted by some European physicists, and he must say it had not received the attention it deserved. The late Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, entertained a similar theory—that the earth was plus electrical and the air minus.

It was certain that the amount of electricity in the air varied with the amount of vapor present. On clear, dry, cloudless days, there was but little electricity to be detected by the electronometers; and it was only when we had masses of vapor in the form of clouds that there were electrical discharges. If a polished iron rod, two or three feet in length, with a polished brass or ironball at both ends, be held horizontally, there will be no sign of electricity in the rod, but if it be held vertically it instantly becomes electrical. The end nearest the earth will be plus electrical, and the upper end minus. If the rod be held near the ground, and then raised as high as a man can reach, the electronometer indicates a change of electrical condition; when near the ground it is most electrical. The electronometer at the Smithsonian Institute showed great changes in a few feet elevation. It had been demonstrated that the electricity was repelled by the atoms of matter composing the earth into the air. He used the word repelled as best expressing the idea. It had also been demonstrated that an atom of electricity at the surface of the globe acted in concert with the globe itself in repelling a second atom of electricity outside the first. The repelling power was inversely as the square of the distance. *Prof.* Henry then gave the phenomena of explosive atmospheric electricity.

No thunder-storm can occur until there are *two layers of clouds*. The electricity is carried into the air by the masses of vapor going up from the earth. Vapor rising from the earth always carries more or less electricity with it. He had ascertained these and other interesting facts from Mr. Wise, the balloonist, with whom he had been in correspondence, and who had undertaken experiments. Mr. Wise said that in passing through a thunder-storm he was always first carried through a dense cloud into open space, with a second cloud hanging above him. Currents of air moved between the cloudy layers in direction frequently transverse to the current, below the lower cloud. He had repeatedly been carried along by this transverse current, and when upon coming down through the lower cloud, he had again been caught by the ascending current and whirled up again. Between the two clouds there were constant flashes of lightning from the upper to the lower. These flashes were not explosive. The heat lightning so often seen in the electricity of the upper cloud descending to the lower. The explosive discharges are always between the lower cloud and the earth. Between the two clouds hail is formed. The upper cloud is always less dense than the lower, and always less electrical.

A thunder storm as it moved across the country was sometimes constantly renewed by the masses of vapor constantly ascending and carrying up electricity from the earth in diffused particles to be returned in explosive discharges. New vapor carried up new electricity. The French physicists thought that a thunder cloud might be disarmed by running up numerous points; it might be disarmed or rendered harmless for a single locality, but as the clouds passed on new electricity would be sent up, so that to wholly disarm the thunder was impossible, for he had new resources always at command.

Mr. Wise had seen a water-spout on one occasion that had no upper cloud, but was in the beginning a single cloud of great density, which began to hang down in the centre, like a sack, hollowed into a whirlpool, carried round with tremendous rapidity, with discharges of lightning across it, and explosive discharges to the earth.

A HASTY DOCTOR.

Some years ago, a ship from Spain arrived in the port of Manilla. Among the passengers was a young doctor from Madrid, who had gone to the Philippines with the design of settling in the colony and pushing his fortune by means of his profession. On the morning after he had landed, our doctor sallied forth for a walk on the pasco. He had not proceeded far, when his attention was attracted to a young girl, a native, who was walking a few paces ahead of him. He observed that every now and then the girl stooped her head towards the pavement, which was straightway spotted with blood. Alarmed on the girl's account, our doctor walked rapidly after her, observing that she still continued to expectorate blood at intervals as she went. Before he could overtake her, the girl had reached her home, a cottage in the suburbs, into which she entered. The doctor followed close upon her heels, and summoning her father and mother, directed them to send immediately for the priest, as their daughter had not many hours to live. The distracted parents, having learned the profession of their visiter, immediately acceded to his request. The child was put to bed in extreme affright, having been told what was about to befall her. The nearest padre was brought, and everything was arranged to smooth the journey of her soul through the passes of purgatory. The doctor plied his skill to the utmost, but in vain. In less than twenty-four hours the girl was dead. As up to that time the young Indian had always enjoyed excellent health, the doctor's prognostication was regarded as an evidence of great and mysterious skill. The fame of it soon spread through Manilla, and in a few hours the newly-arrived physician was beleagured with patients, and in a fair way of accumulating a fortune. In the midst of all this, some one had the curiosity to ask the doctor how he could possibly have predicted the death of the girl, seeing that she had been in perfect health a few hours before. "Predict it," replied the doctor, "why, sir, I saw her spit blood enough to have killed her half-a-dozen times." "Blood! how did you know it was blood?" "How? from the color; how else?" "But every one spits red in Manilla." The doctor, who had already observed this fact, and was laboring under some uneasiness in regard to it, refused to make any further confession at the time; but he had said enough to elucidate the mystery. The thing soon spread throughout the city and it became clear to every one that what the new *medico* had taken for blood, was nothing else than the red juice of the buyo, and that the poor girl had died from the fear of death caused by his prediction. His patients now fled from him as speedily as they had congregated; and to avoid the ridicule that awaited him, as well as the indignation of the friends of the deceased girl, our doctor was fain to escape from Manilla, and return to Spain in the same ship that had brought him out.—*The Seven Sisters of Sleep. By M. C. Cooke.*

CATARRH

Is a Greek word, which means a "flowing from," and is synonymous with a common cold. A cold in the head causes a running from the nose; a cold in the eyes makes them water; a cold in the chest or lungs causes an increased expectoration; a cold in the bowels occasions diarrhea. This "flowing," whether from nose, eyes, lungs or bowels, is nature's effort to ward off the effects of a previous injury: it is essentially a curative process, and ought never to be interfered with. If this "flowing from" is stopped in any way, whether by external applications or internal medicines, the inevitable effect, always, is to drive it to some other part to seek an outlet, for nature will not rest ever, until the riddance is effected. Within a month, a lady was attacked with a great itching and running in the nose, some ignoramus advised her to use a certain kind of snuff, to "dry it up;" it had the effect in a few hours, and she was charmed with the *result; she thought it a wonderful medicine*, that night she was attacked with asthma, which confined her to her bed for two weeks, to say nothing of the distressing sufferings which filled the interval, day and night.

A gentleman complained of a cold in the head, with sick headache; some one advised him to have buckets of cold water poured on the top of his head, which was followed by a welcomed relief; the next day he complained of a sore throat, which troubled him as long as he lived.

Many persons have diarrhea as a consequence of a cold; they cannot rest until they "take something" to "check it," with the certain result of its falling on the liver, to end in a "bilious attack," if not on the lungs, to cause pneumonia, or pleurisy, or other more serious form of disease.

A gentleman had a cold in the head which affected his hearing; it was ignorantly tampered with, and apparently cured; but the eyes began to complain shortly after, to remedy which he spent two years and a thousand dollars under the most eminent Allopaths and Water-Cures, with no efficient result; and his eyes are as troublesome to-day as they were some ten years ago. All "flowings," "runnings," etc., are the result of what, in common parlance, is a "humor in the blood," and nature is endeavoring to "run it off," but our reckless and ignorant interferences thwart her in her efforts, and bring on greater calamities.

In all catarrhs, chronic or acute, long or short, a wise physician will do nothing to stop or repress, but will use means to cause a greater activity of the liver, and prescribe an unstimulating and cooling diet, warmth and judicious exercise.

For ourselves we would give physic a wide berth. If we had a "flowing from," a catarrh, a cold, all of which mean precisely the same thing in nature and essence, we would let it flow and thus have the system relieved of an enemy, whose presence it will not tolerate. But there are three other things which may be done to very great advantage, because they would expedite the cure.

1. Keep the body very comfortably warm by all available means, especially the feet.

2. Take a good deal of exercise in the open air, to the extent of keeping up a very slight perspiration for several hours during the twenty-four.

3. Live on light, loosening, cooling food,—moderate amounts—such as water-gruel, crust of bread, stewed fruits, ripe berries, and nothing else, until entirely well.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HOW TO AVOID DISEASE.—The great thing, then, to do in order to ward off serious disease, (and sickness never comes without a friendly premonition in the distance, only that in our stupidity or heedlessness we often fail to make a note of it,) is simply to observe three things:

1. The instant we become conscious of any unpleasant sensation in the body, cease eating absolutely.

2. Keep warm.

3. Be still.

These are applicable and safe in all cases; sometimes a more speedy result is attained, if instead of being quiet, the patient would, by moderate, steady exercise, keep up a gentle perspiration for several hours.—*Dr. Hall.*

THE PILLION.

What is a pillion? some fair dweller in our modern cities may be disposed to ask, if indeed she can spend even a passing thought upon a thing so obsolete, and forgotten. The thing in itself, however, does not deserve to be forgotten, as I will endeavor to show. In the first place it was very comfortable (to those who liked it), and enabled many a timid matron, and gentle maid, who would have been afraid to ride alone, to pass, under cover of her cloak and hood, many a long mile through the country, without ever being ruffled by wind or weather, and all the while in the safe and close protection of a man—perhaps the man she liked best in the world; and was that nothing?

In the joint partnership of this mode of travelling, a man to ride first was almost indispensable; and this, no doubt, to many female minds imparted a zest, as well as a sense of security. Such things have been known as two women riding double; but this can only be regarded as a spurious, and very inferior mode of conducting the concern.

The pillion itself was a thick, firm, well-stuffed, wide and level cushion, extending quite across the broadest part of the horse, with two deep flaps, one on either side. It was covered on the outside with the finest cloth, generally drab, and cut and stitched as carefully as the best made saddle. Seated on this firm, substantial seat, the lady had at her feet a comfortable footstool, consisting of a long, narrow stirrup, so swung on one side as to afford support even if she should choose to raise or adjust her person on the seat; while at her side, over the tail of the horse, was a leather handle, also exceedingly firm, which not only helped to keep her from slipping off, but even supported her like the arm of a chair. Beyond this, if the lady chose, she might insist upon a leather girdle being worn by the man before her, so as to afford safe hold for her other hand; or, dispensing with the girdle, she might, in extreme danger, draw her own arm around the person of the man; but this resource our grandmothers, no doubt, reserved for cases very extreme indeed.

No arm-chair ever invented could be more comfortable, or feel more safe, than the actual seat of the pillion. But as all comforts are in a measure dependent on their accessories, and liable to be damaged by relative circumstances, so the comfort of the woman on the pillion was affected to an extent altogether beyond her control by the pace, and even by the form of the animal on which she rode. Rosa Bonheur's horses in the fair would have been admirable for this purpose, scarcely requiring a pillion at all. High-bred, narrow-shaped horses had to be altogether eschewed. They must have broad, comfortable backs, and the flatter the better, towards the tail. They must not go with a long launching pace, or the poor woman would roll like a boat in a rough sea. A quiet, regular, jig-jog, never lifting the feet high from the ground, was the pace required—just the next degree in swiftness to a walk—a pace into which horses naturally fall, and which, when their spirits are not too high, they seem to prefer to any other. Provided then the horse was strong enough for the weight of two persons, and provided its natural constitution comprehended a little touch of blood, as well as a vast amount of bone, which many Yorkshire horses did, it would travel in this jig-jog way for an immense distance without apparently suffering from fatigue. Pushed beyond this pace—spurred into a brisk trot, or worse, into a gallop—both horse and riders presented a spectacle more grotesque than it is easy to imagine, the poor woman having no power whatever to accommodate herself to such extraordinary circumstances.

Indeed, nothing could exceed the entire helplessness and utter dependence of this situation to a woman. Hence it agreed better with our grandmothers, than it would with us. All which the poor woman could do with the horse, let it behave as it might, would be to pull its tail—a mode of proceeding seldom found either soothing or salutary; and as to the man, her human companion, she could not even look him in the face. Let her disposition to coquetry be ever so strong, she might ogle, or smile, she might frown, or do anything she liked with her expressive features, he could not see them; and if he had not perceived that she was beautiful before he mounted into the saddle, he could never find it out there. Still, it is not to be doubted, but there might be sighs, or other sounds of peculiar meaning made intelligible even under these difficult circumstances; only that the bump, bump of the woman's form on the pillion, must have rather impeded the musical utterance of any long continued speech. Altogether, we are left to suppose that sound sense, rather than tender sentiment, characterised the intercourse of our ancestors when riding together two on one horse.

In proof of the entire absence of all independence of action on the part of the woman when riding in this style, many amusing facts might be told; such, for instance, as the sudden giving way of the straps, one on each side, by which alone the pillion was secured to the saddle, and so kept in its place. I recollect an instance of this occurring to a lady who was riding behind her brother up Lincoln Hill, and who suddenly found herself seated on the road, the pillion and its occupant having slipped over the tail of the horse, and reached the ground without much disturbance. Many stories used also to be told of men evidently not much interested in their partners, who arrived at the end of their journey minus the lady, yet all unconscious of having dropped her by the way.

There is at present sitting in parliament—or there was a little while ago—a very wealthy and influential gentleman of whom it was said that he obtained his first gold watch in the following manner. His mother, a widow, kept the purse, and she held the strings so tightly, that her son, even on attaining to years bordering upon manhood, after repeated efforts, was unable to prevail upon her to grant him the boon of a gold watch. So, one day, he took his mother out for a ride. They kept no carriage then, and indeed a carriage would have been of little use in places where the roads were often barely passable for horses. In the neighborhood where they lived there was a long lane, remarkable for its depth of stiff, wet clay, abounding in holes and pools of mud. The son made choice of this lane for his ride with his mother behind him on her pillion; and having picked his way with many plunges, half the length of the lane, so that the difficulty of returning would be as great as that of going forward, he came to a dead halt, and deliberately stated his case to his mother, declaring that if she did not promise him the gold watch, he would then and there set her down in the lane, leaving her to get out of it as she could. The poor lady having no power to help herself, made the promise, which, there can be no doubt, would be faithfully kept; but whether she ever ventured upon a pillion behind her son again, the story does not say.

THE BELIEVER.

All joy to the believer! he can speak—
Trembling, yet happy; confident yet meek.
Since the dear hour that brought me to Thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted on an arm but Thine,
Nor hoped, but in Thy righteousness divine;
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part
That they proceeded from a grateful heart;
Cleansed in Thine own all-purifying blood,
Forgive their evil and accept their good;
I cast them at Thy feet—my only plea
Is what it was—dependence upon Thee;
While struggling in the vale of tears below,
That never failed, nor shall it fail me now.

COWPER.

INCIDENT OF THE LAST WAR IN GERMANY.

During Napoleon's wars in Germany, a French regiment, on its march through the country, was quartered on the inhabitants of a certain village. Among the soldiers was one of a remarkably fierce and savage aspect, with a black beard, surmounted by an immense quantity of bristly hair, who, in his gestures and whole demeanor, affected to personify the wild man of the woods. The farmer upon whom he happened to be billeted was terrified at the sight of his guest, and told the officer that he would agree to take, in the place of such a savage, two of a less ferocious appearance. The officer agreed, and took the soldier to other houses; but, receiving the same answer, he turned him into the street to find a lodging for himself. This happened on an evening when the few members of the society (Moravian) met for edification in the hall of one of their number, who acted as their leader and kept them together. He was standing at his door, and saw the poor man passing by more than once. At length he asked him on whom he was quartered. The soldier answered, that no one would take him in. The Brother, though somewhat alarmed by his fierce looks, on being assured that he would behave decently, feeling pity for him, showed him into his house. On seeing the benches placed in order, and a little organ in the hall, he asked if it were a church, and was answered, that he would soon see the use to which these things were applied. He sat down in astonishment. The company assembled, a hymn was sung, a portion of Scripture read, and a prayer offered up. The poor man was deeply affected, and exclaimed: "You are a happy people. Would God I were like you! But I hear none of these things. I am a poor wretch, and shall be shot in the next battle." The Brethren spoke kindly to him, and directed him to that Saviour who will cast none out, not even the worst. By the kindness of his charitable host, he now got a good supper and a night's lodging.

In the morning early he went out and sought the farmer who had first thrust him away, whom he demanded to see, and then informed, how and where he had found much more comfortable quarters. The farmer laughed him to scorn; and, being a great enemy of the Brethren, replied that he was very welcome to join those wretched pietists, but as for himself, he would never enter their house. "But you shall, though," cried the rough soldier, enraged at hearing his hospitable friends abused: "you shall attend this very day at their evening worship, and I will come and fetch you, and take no denial." He was as good as his word. At the proper time he appeared at the farmer's door, who, terrified by his determined manner, accompanied him, and, to the surprise of all present, was found seated next to his conductor, who fairly mounted guard over him. But now the Lord's time was come. The wrath and fright of the poor farmer vanished; and, touched by a Divine power, he sought and found forgiveness of sin through the atoning blood of Jesus. He went home in a very different state of mind from that in which he entered the house, and by his testimony his wife and family were awakened to a sense of their lost estate by nature, and with prayer and supplication sought and obtained the same mercy. The conversion of this man and his family created a great sensation in the village, and proved the means, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, of the conversion of many souls. We are not told what became of the poor soldier, but we will hope that what he heard and felt was not lost upon him, and perhaps, in the day of battle, was brought home to his soul.—*La Trobe's "Letters."*

TOBACCO USERS.—It has become very common to invest chewing-tobacco and snuff in lead-foil. Herr Huckel examined some snuff from a quantity, part of which had been used by a patient who was laboring under a severe attack of lead poisoning, and found that it contained two and a half per cent. of metallic lead. The tobacco near the corners of the package, being more perfectly inclosed by the foil, contained the most lead, which is decomposed by dampness and remains in the tobacco or snuff in the form of carbonate of lead, which is the white lead paint of commerce, which inflicts such horrible sufferings on many of those whose business compels them to work in it. The slaves of the disgusting "weed" would do well to make a note of this, and either abandon the inexcusable filthiness or avoid using any that is enveloped with lead-foil.—*Dr. Hall.*

THE STRANGER'S DEATH.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

Lay his hands tenderly across his breast,
The stranger young and lone;
Bear him all gently to his quiet rest,
The desolate one.
Remember, his sad fate may yet be thine—
That thou mayst die where love-lights do not shine.

Speak of him generously—what can we know
Of his soul's hates or loves?—
How high they soared above, or sank below?
Whether with worms or doves?
He was a man of warm and genial heart—
Act towards him, then, a brother's manly part.

He has a mother, who will weep for him—
So do the people say—
A sister, whose young eyes will soon be dim;
And both are far away.
'Twill ease each pang to know that friendly hands
Smoothed his lone passage to the spirit lands.

Go sing the hymn of praise above his bier:
Mingle your voices free;
Drop for the stranger youth a sorrowing tear:
He would have wept for thee.
We know him kind, for, on a fatal day,
We saw him help a lame man on his way.

We heard his voice but once—'twas soft and low,
And full of sympathy;—
'Twas all of him, perchance, we e'er shall know,
That he was kind and free;
And when he found a stranger, bruised and broken,
He gave him aid, nor asked of him a token.

* * * * * *

Our task is done, in the cool forest shade,
Beneath the old oak tree,
By generous hands a resting place is made.
Stranger, all peace to thee—
May the good Father, all thy sins forgiven,
Receive thee to a higher life, in Heaven.

—*Ohio Farmer.*

REGINA;
OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER IX.

Nay—not a quiet, but a lonely, heart;
Both swept and garnished, but unfilled of late!
From all love's fantasies it stands apart,
Too strong to murmur, and too tired to hate!

Weary of life? Ah, no; but of life's woes!—
Weary of all its falsehoods and its cares!
Willing to rest, because so well it knows
What bitter draughts love's passionate hand prepares! M. B.

Regina sat alone in the study, reading. The room had returned to its old aspect. She herself was most carefully, though simply, dressed, and as calm and quiet in look and manner as if nothing beyond the most common events of ordinary life had occurred to her. Prince Charlie's white head peeped out from the folds of her black dress, and the gray cat, perched upon her knee, purred loudly and sleepily as she stared into the fire. Peter, with his head on one side, was shuffling across the floor to hide a small, gold pencil, which had fallen from her hand; all was still but for his subdued croaking, the low twitter of the canaries, and the dropping of a coal now and then from the grate. There was only one change in the apartment—the picture of Lord Erlinford had been brought from its concealment, and stood on its easel near the window. It faced Regina as she glanced now and then from the pages of her book; but her eyes never lingered long upon it. She could not yet quite bear the strong resemblance it bore to him who had wronged and deserted her.

Her book was a pleasant one, and she had, evidently taught herself to forget, in order to enjoy—for she smiled now and then as she chanced upon a witty passage. The quick, sharp gallop of a horse on the lawn, made her close the volume; but she did not lay it aside—she leaned her head upon her hand, and stroked the glossy sides of the cat as she listened to the arrival. The voice of Prudence was heard in the hall—then came another, deeper, and more eager in its tones, and hasty feet traversed the stone floor. No color came to her cheek. She said, "Come in," very quietly, when Prudence knocked at the door, and held out her hand, with a faint smile, as Charlemount entered.

"At last!" he said, raising her hand to his lips. "How could you keep me from you so long?"

"I have not been well, my lord. Will you take a seat? You see I cannot move. Dick and Prince Charlie hold me a prisoner between them."

Setting the painful part of an unreturned love quite aside, there is something intensely ludicrous in its aspect to an unconcerned spectator. One of the parties is so eager, so ardent, so devoted—the other so quiet, so courteous, and so cold;—and the two moods contrast so oddly just when they ought to mingle most pleasantly, that they will repay the closest amount of study lavished upon them by an observer of human nature in all its crudities. If, unfortunately, you happen to be one of those parties yourself, it is by no means so funny a proceeding. If you ever have been one (and who among us has not?) you will call up a like sympathy, in the midst of your smiles, for this poor fellow, whose greatest fault seems to be one usually ascribed to a more impressible sex—the loving "not wisely, but too well." One misery, however, was spared him; though he was ignorant of the mercy. A woman generally revenges herself *for* the falsehood of one lover by tormenting the next; and, I really believe, many a poor creature endures a continual martyrdom even now, by way of expiating, unconsciously, the sins of some one, Dick or Harry, of whose name or existence he is utterly ignorant, but who, in earlier days, has trifled with the young affections of Miss Brown, Smith, or Jones, as the case may be. From this pleasant little foible, Regina, in this one instance, was free. It may be that she regarded Charlemount somewhat as a well-fed mouser looks upon the hundredth victim escaping from her talons after the ninety-nine have been slaughtered; but, at all events, she refrained from tormenting him in any deliberate and studied way; and my fair readers will agree with me in saying that this tells very much in her favor.

"Have you been very ill?" asked Charlemount, glancing anxiously at her wasted figure and the slight hollows in her cheeks.

"A slow fever, that is all," she replied, without looking at him. "I was up most of the time; but one feels cross, and pettish, and nervous through an illness of that kind, and I would not inflict myself upon you."

"I would have watched over you most gladly, Regina!"

"No doubt,"—and she smiled slightly; "but Prudence did very well, and her attendance was much more in accordance with the laws of propriety than yours would have been. I enjoyed your books and fruit and flowers, though, very much indeed! It was very kind of you to send them."

"They were yours, not mine!" he murmured. "Have you forgotten that everything I have—"

"No," she said, waving her hand, as if to check him. He caught sight of her finger—his brother's ring was there, but where was the diamond?

"Why did you take it off?" he said, turning very pale.

"What?"

"The ring!—my ring!"

"Oh, I only laid it aside, because it was so heavy; it quite weighed my hand down."

He looked very gloomy.

"And another thing—it was too large. If you will be kind enough to bring it from my writing-desk, I will show you."

He rose, and looked for it. He almost groaned when he saw that it had been flung carelessly down among a quantity of note-paper and envelopes, as if it mattered little what became of it. When we love, as Charlemount loved, these little briars, that are forever growing about the roses we would gather, can sting us to the very heart of hearts!

Regina took the ring from his hand, placed it on her own, and held it up. It slid from the little wasted finger into her lap.

"You see?"

"Yes, I see."

He put the jewel in his pocket, and took her hand; it looked so small, lying in his own, with the wedding-ring shining upon it like a star!

"I will bring you another. Can I have this for a measure?"

She shrank back, when he laid his finger upon Alfred's gift, as if he had touched a quivering nerve.

"That? Certainly not! It will never leave my hand—it will be buried with me when I die!"

He turned, and looked a moment at the bright, beautiful face of his dead brother. His lip quivered—he passed his hand hurriedly across his eyes—then sank on his knees beside her chair, laid his head upon its carved arm, and burst into tears.

"What shall I do to make you love me?" he said through his sobs. "I would die for you, and you do not care for me! I am afraid sometimes that you never will!"

Regina looked amazed at first, but his evident misery touched her at last. No one dreaded what people call "a scene" more than she did: no one was more uncomfortable at seeing suffering at tears. But there was something in the Earl's grief that softened her. It was not the gay man of the world trying to win her by a false show of sentiment; it was more like an honest, romantic schoolboy, sobbing his heart out over his first love mishap, and seeking comfort from the very hand that wounded him. It was a thing which Clifford would never have done. He had knelt in the same way, it is true, and given her *one* tear as he kissed her hand. Charlemount gave *many*, without daring to touch her fingers with his lips. Tired out, wearied, and *blasé* though he might be about many things, this was the first real true and pure love he had ever felt, and it made him fresher-hearted than the young author, and far more simple and unstudied in his manifestations of his affection. She knew this well; and, in spite of herself, the frank outburst of tenderness soothed her inexpressibly. She put away the dozing cat, and bending over him, laid both her hands lightly upon his head.

"My dear Charlemount, you make me very sad."

"Do I? Then I will not shed another tear!"

"I hardly know why these were shed."

"Because you were so cold, Regina," he murmured, in a low voice.

"I did not intend to be."

"No; that is just the worst of it. If you did intend it, I think it would not be half so hard to bear!"

She was silent for a little time. At last, she said,

"Look up, Charlemount."

He obeyed; showing a flushed and tear-stained face, quivering lips, and the saddest of eyes.

"Poor fellow!" she said, very gently; and brushing the chestnut hair away from his forehead, she laid her lips upon it. "There, let that make amends for all!"

He looked up at her with that eager, half-doubtful glance, which an animal puts on after having been punished and forgiven, and which is the most touching thing on earth.

"Oh, Regina, *do* you love me? You kissed me as if you did!"

"I think I shall, presently," she said, half-playfully, "if you go on like this. You are very different from the Charlemount I had imagined. How have you managed to keep all this sensitive feeling, through such a life as yours has been?"

"I never knew I had kept it—or even that I ever had it, till now."

"Then, you have never really loved before?"

"I knew it, Regina, when I first looked at you."

"Flatterer!"

"You know, very well, that it is not flattery."

"Very well; it shall pass for truth, if you like. But now, if I have healed the wound I unintentionally made, come and sit here by me, and we will talk soberly of our future."

He refused the chair she pushed towards him, but possessed himself of Prince Charlie's ottoman, much to the displeasure of that small sprig of royalty, and sat down at Regina's feet.

"Let me speak first," he cried. "Before you make any plans, listen to mine."

"What are they?"

"You are to marry me, at once, and go abroad—to Italy, or wherever you choose."

"It is simply impossible!"

"Why?"

"In the first place, I have been thinking of going on the stage again."

The Earl uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Only for a little time."

"You must not, Regina!"

"In the second place, I wish to go and visit Ruth."

He started, but controlled himself before she noticed his agitation.

"Very well. Go with me."

"In the third place, I want another tour. All this—this—confusion has shaken my nerves terribly, and I must have quiet for a time, and little society—together with fresh air, and pleasure enough to amuse without exciting me."

"All these things, I trust, you could have if you took me, instead of Ruth, for a companion. You forget that she will be in the middle of the honeymoon, and will only have eyes and ears for my brother Harry."

"I intend going alone."

"You will be ill and lonely if you do. What is your great objection to my company?"

"You cannot very well be here and with me at the same time. You will have to see about *settlements*, and a thousand other things. By the time you are through with them I shall be back again."

"Everything of that kind is ready!"

"In a week?"

"Yes!"

"You have a most expeditious lawyer."

"May I bring him here to-day?"

"For what?"

"The settlements can be signed, a special license can be procured, and we can be married to-morrow, if you like!"

"I *don't* like, my lord!"

"But do listen to reason, Regina."

"How can I? There is no one here to talk reason!"

"Ah, you are laughing! You will consent—I know you will!"

"Not exactly. But if you are bent upon doing this very foolish thing, the sooner it is over the better, I suppose. So I will give up the trip."

"And to-morrow?"

"To-morrow you will stay quietly at home, Charlemount. On this day week you may use the special license if you choose."

"A whole week?" he said, so discontentedly that she could not help laughing.

"If you grumble, I will immediately add five to it. Now listen! I must hear from Ruth before I leave town. I must know that she is well and happy. I feel unaccountably anxious about her. I have a presentiment, and my presentiments are always true!"

"You need have none about her."

"You must go and see her!"

"I?"

"Yes! Why not?"

"Oh! I will go if you like."

"You see, I cannot make up my mind that this half-brother of yours will do her justice. He has not treated her well. If he loved her as she loves him, he never could have done what he has. Are you *sure* he will marry her?"

"Have I not told you so?" replied Charlemount, shading his face from the fire with a little wrought screen. "I have done all that I can do to bring it about."

"Not quite. You might go and see for yourself that the ceremony was properly performed. If anything happened to Ruth I should never forgive myself or you—remember that! And, like most women, she is so idiotic in an affair of this kind, that she will believe every word he tells her, and do everything he asks. It was a foolish thing, her going away in that fashion."

"Why did you not stop her?" he asked, indistinctly.

"Ruth is her own mistress. I had no right to interfere."

"But you were so intimate!"

"The closest intimacy could give no right to meddle in her affairs. She is not a child."

"Write to her. I have no doubt she will tell you everything. Women always like to chatter about their own weddings."

"Humph! I think you will discover an exception to that rule next week," was Regina's reply. But she regretted it when she saw how it seemed to pain him.

"Will you go, my dear Charlemount?"

"Yes."

"Give the bride away?"

"Yes."

"And congratulate her most heartily for me. She promised me a visit before—"

Regina paused, and a bitter pang wrung her heart, as she remembered when and how that visit was to have been made.

"Well?" said Charlemount, looking up.

"She will not come now. It does not matter. We must contrive to meet on the Continent. Do you think your brother will take her there?"

"There is not the slightest doubt of it."

"We will make an appointment, then, for Rome, in time for the Carnival."

"Very well. I will tell her so."

"You are to bring me a letter from her."

"A letter?"

"Well, a note, then, if you think the first demand is unreasonable. One word I must have from her on her wedding-day; and till I get it, even you will not be able to persuade me that she is well and happy."

Charlemount played idly with the handle of the screen, as he listened; but his heart sank within him at this new demand. Till now, the whole thing had seemed easy; but it might be difficult to obtain such a note from Ruth. A ceremony must first take place, and he must bear his part in it. It was not to be thought of for a single moment. And yet he stood upon the edge of a giddy precipice. One false step, and he would plunge down an abyss from which there could be no rising again. Regina unconsciously lifted a heavy load of doubt and fear from his heart by her next remark.

"It is an odd thought that this note will be the first bit of my good Ruth's handwriting I have ever seen."

"What can you mean?"

"Why do you look as startled as if I had told you of a newly-committed murder? The thing is simple enough, after you understand it. Of course we did not correspond before we met. We have been together night and day ever since, till now, and this first absence of hers is so peculiar a one, that we have exchanged no letters."

"But her books—they must have been written in."

"She brought none. I ran away with her one night from the theatre, and never would let her go after her goods and chattles in the city. I always had our lists and bills to make out while we were travelling. Indeed, I never remember seeing a pencil or pen in her hand. If she seems to think I demand too much of her friendship at such a time, tell her so; and add, that I really do not believe she can write. That will provoke her, and I shall get four sheets of Bath post directly, telling me what an angel your brother is, and how dignified and stately the Earl of Charlemount appeared as he played the part of 'papa!'"

She gave one of the little gay laughs of other days as she concluded. The Earl looked at her, and counted all things cheaply, so he could but win that prize.

"Perhaps I shall take advantage of your ignorance, and forge a letter, by way of saving myself a journey out of town," he suggested.

"You had better. But I do not fear you. You are too honest—too frank—too simple-hearted (you need not be offended at that expression—it is really the highest compliment I could pay to any one) to do anything of that kind. It is a pleasure to me which I cannot put into words, this sense of your sincerity—your perfect trust. I even carry it so far that when you say you love me, I believe you. Yet others have told me the same thing, before you, and it has taken them long—very long, indeed—to convince me of it."

Charlemount rose hastily while she was speaking, and walked to the window. His good angel took advantage of the remorse and shame that humbled him to the very dust, to suggest confession and atonement while there was yet time. How could he possibly keep this treachery a secret from her for ever? How could he bear the swift indignant scorn and hatred with which she would overwhelm him when it came to her knowledge? Would it not be better to take back his forfeited honor—to keep his broken promise—to give up Regina now, before she grew even more deeply into his heart? What was it, after all, but a question of time, since, sooner or later, she must know; and knowing, would at once infallibly desert him?

Oh! that terrible "last moment," when we hang suspended, as it were, between good and evil! To how many of us, alas! it is but the pause before we plunge into a deeper gulf than we have ever dreamed of before—the halt upon the threshold of that home, into which we enter, taking with us "seven other spirits worse than the first!" A word has turned the scale—nay, oftener by far, a *look* has done it!

The moment passed for Charlemount, for, even while he wavered, Regina called him to her side.

"Are you so modest that you cannot bear to hear your own praises?" she said, playfully. "I will sing them no more. When will you start on this journey?"

"When you like."

"To-morrow."

"Very well."

"It is this delay that makes me anxious. If he was in such haste to marry her, that he persuaded her to take this extraordinary step, how is it he loiters so now?"

"Perhaps they are already married."

"It may be. But, I confess, I think she would have written."

"At such times, you know, people labor under the impression that they make up the entire world. But suspend your judgment till I bring you news."

"And the letter?"

"And the letter, of course!"

"When shall you return?"

"In two days, or, at the most, three. I give you fair warning that if I find them still single, I shall give them short time for preparations. Harry had a little matter of business to settle in the north. I name the third day, in case I should have to go there after him."

"This is Tuesday. On Friday night, or Saturday morning, I may look for you?"

"Without fail! And to recompense myself for this long absence, I shall bring the lawyer out with me, and coax you into signing the settlements that very evening."

"I will sign anything after I am once assured that Ruth is safe, and well, and happy!" said Regina. "Nothing till then!"

She rose from her chair. He was leaning upon its carved back, and fancied, for a moment, that she had changed her seat because he was so near. But he was mistaken. Her look said that the interview was over.

"You give me little time to talk to you," he said, reproachfully.

"Never mind! You have many years before you, and it is possible that you may not care to talk to me before they have all passed."

"I shall be as fond of you then as I am now."

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently. At times (and this was one of them,) she wanted no words or looks of tenderness.

"I think lunch is nearly ready," she observed. "You had better go!"

"Let me stay and share it with you."

"By no means!"

"You are not very hospitable!" he said, in an offended tone.

"Hospitality, I believe—at all events, in the East—is reckoned one of the cardinal virtues. I never pretended to the possession of any of them. Moreover, I have a heathenish habit of reading when I take my meals. You will excuse me, if I say I prefer the company of a good book, at those times, even to yours!"

"It is a habit you have taken up very lately!" said the Earl, whose evil genius seemed continually prompting him to offend.

"On the contrary, I have had it for years."

"You gave it up, then, for a time, eh?"

"What do you mean?"

"Not very long ago, I knew some one who used to share your lunch with you! I think the book was laid aside when he did so."

Regina turned, and looked at him with a terrible glance.

"It was Clifford!"

"You have dared to name his name to me!" she burst out. "Have you suddenly taken leave of your senses? Let me tell you, my lord, if you ever speak of him hereafter in my presence, you shall never enter these doors again!"

"I wish to heaven I had shot him when he stood before me!" was his reply.

Regina looked at him a moment; then her brow cleared.

"So!" she said in a low tone, and turning her back on him, she leaned against the mantlepiece, and rested her head upon her folded hands.

The French clock on the cabinet chimed the quarter before either of them spoke. Then she asked, without looking round, "Are you going?"

"Yes, if I must!—but I have been a brute, Regina! Do say you forgive me!"

"For this time; but I advise you to take care how you offend in that way again!"

"Will you not look up? will you not say good-bye?" he asked very penitently. Had it been Ruth, or even Helen Erlinford, he would have lifted the drooping head, and looked into the averted eyes; but Regina had a power over him which no other woman had ever possessed, and without permission he would scarcely have touched the hem of her garment.

"You do not deserve it," she said, turning towards him with a face from which every vestige of color had fled.

"Good heavens, Regina, how I have made you suffer!" he exclaimed, feeling nothing at that moment but the most sincere sorrow for his wanton attack.

"It is nothing—but do not try such an experiment a second time. I am not made of iron! Take me as I am—a woman who cannot give you either love or passion—"

"Never?" he asked, interrupting her.

"Never, Charlemount. I do not wish to deceive you. I will be a kind and faithful wife to you, and as true a friend as you ever had, or ever can have, on earth; but that which I wasted on another went from me with his going, and I cannot call it back again! With love like that lost love, I have nothing more to do!"

"In time you will learn. I leave all to time!"

"My dear Charlemount, spring comes to the roses and the violets every year, but she only pays poor human hearts one visit!"

"You can scarcely reconcile your precept with your practice, or rather with your experience!"

"I do not understand you!"

She pointed to his brother's portrait.

"You loved Alfred!"

"Yes."

"He was your first love!"

"True."

"And the other!"

Regina shuddered.

"Why do you wish to talk about it? Yet I will answer you, because you have a right to know—you have a right to look into my heart, if you choose—but, remember it is only for this once!"

"I will never speak of it again—but if it does not pain you too much, tell me of him now!"

"Alfred was, as you say, my first love—the first love of a young and innocent girl! His beauty pleased me—his kindness won me—and to this day I remember our life—though it was all so wrong—as I should remember some pleasant dream! There is nothing sad about it except his death, and time has softened even that."

"Well! and this other?"

"Ah, it was so different!" was the reply. "I had grown old, and more than a little weary of the world. I had learned to doubt everybody and everything, and to fancy that the time for love had gone entirely by. The knowledge of my mistake brought new life and vigor. It was like the stealing of fresh sap through the limbs of a dead tree; it was——But why am I saying this to you?"

"Go on."

"No; let it all pass. You know how it ended! Perhaps it was as well! But that spring came so late in life, that there will be no summer now—nothing but the sober autumn. If you choose to share it, the sun will do its best to shine upon you. I should not blame you, however, if you sought a more genial climate elsewhere."

"If it was the dead of winter, I would rather share it with you, than that much-talked-of spring, with another," was his low reply.

"Very well; it is yours to choose. And now we will 'let the dead past bury its dead.' You know what I can give, and you profess to be content with the gift, paltry as it is. We need talk no more of love, till we die!"

"You seem quite pleased with the idea."

"Have I pained you? You would make me speak."

"Tell me one thing more. If you learned to forget once, why cannot you learn a second time?"

"It is impossible!"

"But why?"

"You are wrong in asking such questions. The answer would not please you."

"Still, let me have it."

"An unhappy love is a love unforgotten," she said, quietly.

Apparently, his thirst after knowledge was quenched; for he said no more. Regina marched up and down the room, with folded arms, for a few minutes, and then turned upon him, suddenly, with the remark, "I have just heard the bell!"

"What bell?"

"The one they ring in the kitchen, to let me know that lunch is ready."

"Then I must take myself off!"

"If you please. Not with that face, though! Ah, foolish that you were! Why did you insist on my saying all this? It is never wise to pry into these things. Rely upon it, eleven-tenths of the trouble in the world comes here simply because people will ask questions. Now, forget it all—take what Regina has left to bestow, and be thankful."

"I will!"

"Go, then. Stop! you shall have a flower to remind you of me, while you are away."

She entered the conservatory, and came back with a beautiful monthly rose, and a cluster of Neapolitan violets. She touched them lightly with her lips, and placed them in his hand.

"And here is a cluster of white roses. See that you do not let them fade. They are for Ruth, and she is to wear them in her hair upon her wedding day."

"I will give them to her."

He drew nearer, and placed his arm around her waist—but she shrank back from his clasp.

"There is my hand," she said gravely, extending it. "Good-bye!"

He kissed it, and left the room, without a word. While he drove towards home, anxious and sad, and eyeing Ruth's roses with a wary glance, Regina was sitting quietly over her lunch, with the first volume of a new and interesting novel in her hand—absorbed in the story—and never sending one single thought after him. Truly, one of the wisest of the many wise French proverbs is this—"There is always one who loves, and one who is loved!"

* * * * * *

The garden of Wilverton Cottage was gay with autumn flowers, and the trees, scattered here and there over its park-like meadows, were tinted faintly with the colors of the dying year. Ruth walked beneath them, stirring the falling leaves meditatively with her small foot, and thinking how Charlemount had often spoken of the glory of the Indian summer in America—that time when earth and sky look their loveliest, and the wide forests are wrapped in a very blaze of glory, as the autumn passes silently away. Another year, and she should see that new world, and with *him!*

Yes; the wedding day had dawned at last! A bright and beautiful day—a day of which the very air seemed conscious, so full was it of a joyous pulse and stir. The birds in the old elm beneath which she stood, sang songs of love and happiness in her willing ear, or darted in and out of their nests upon the wild cottage wall, as if they would say, "See how happy we are; and all because we have a home, and some one in that home to love us! So it will be with you, Ruth, to-morrow!"

Ruth believed it all. She wore a simple bridal dress of cloud-like muslin, and a sprig of jasmine in her beautiful brown hair, and walked to and fro in the shadow of the trees, thinking of Regina and of Charlemount—those two dearest to her on earth. The sunlight danced and flickered on the grass beside her, and she sang out gaily as she glanced that way,

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on!"

A happy bride, indeed! After all those months of loneliness and misery—after all those weary days of lingering pain behold her, loved, and only waiting for her lover's voice to tell her so—only waiting for his presence and the ring upon her finger, to be more blessed than ever woman was before! Alas, Ruth! hard as was your fate, is it not the common fate of all? Each one among us will be "only waiting," and like you, too many of us will be "only waiting," when death, for whom we have *not* "waited," arrives to lead us into a distant land—the only land where "waiting is not known."

Charlemount had not written to her; for though the plot was simple enough in its details, it had been very deeply and skillfully laid. But she had been accompanied by another confidential servant, and Howe had visited her twice, bringing good tidings when he came, and holding out hopes of his master's speedy arrival.

"Business" detained him; but on the appointed day she was to be ready, and he would be there—all the fonder for this long and tiresome delay. Ruth had no thought of an intended wrong; she obeyed his command, and now walked where she could catch the first glimpse of a carriage on the village road, and run through the avenue to the very lodge-gates to meet him. Dear Charlemount, he could not be offended, since so many weary days had passed without her seeing him!

Howe had been in the village only two days before, and had brought with him his sister—a tall dark browed woman, who was to superintend the household arrangements at the cottage after their departure. Ruth had it in her heart to bestow this little place upon Regina, when they met; but it was a secret only meant for Charlemount's ear, and she said nothing of her plans, while the gloomy-looking Mrs. Maining took possession of the premises and the keys, and even installed her son, a boy of eighteen, as major-domo, in the place of Charlemount's own servant, who returned to town. Ruth took little notice of household matters, else she might have wondered at some of the changes Mrs. Maining was quietly making in the sleeping apartments on the third floor. The servants were removed to the left wing of the building; and in the right, three rooms were fitted up with the greatest attention to the comfort of the future occupant; but, at the same time, they were furnished with strong bolts and locks, and the windows were guarded on the outside with iron bars. They looked out upon a fine avenue and a miniature lake—a favorite resort of Ruth's; but the clustering ivy around the casements prevented her observing their novel ornaments, when she strolled that way. Indeed, so wrapt was she in pleasant reveries and day-dreams at this time, that they might almost have placed the cottage in a state of siege without her knowledge.

Ten o'clock struck from the tower of the village church, and Ruth strained her eyes eagerly down the baked, white road, and listened for the sound of carriage wheels; for it was the hour named for Charlemount's arrival. A dark speck rose in relief against the distant sky—it drew nearer—and she saw a single horseman coming down the hill, at full gallop. The Earl! And too impatient to wait a slower pace, he was hurrying to her at the swiftest speed of his far-famed bonny bay!

A momentary fit of shyness made her run towards the house. Mrs. Maining met her in the hall.

"He is coming!" cried Ruth, breathlessly.

"So soon!" said the housekeeper.

"Yes. I saw him on the hill. He is riding."

"Ah!" said the housekeeper, as she turned her head away and smiled. Well she knew who the eager horseman must be.

"I shall run up-stairs, to the very top of the

house, I can see him there!" cried Ruth; and she flew away like a bird. The housekeeper followed, as fast as might be, and unlocked the door of an empty, unused apartment, in the third story of the right wing.

"This room looks out upon the avenue and the lodge," she said, respectfully; "and there is no dust here. It would be a pity to soil that pretty dress, by going into any other place."

Ruth looked down, with a fond glance, at her muslin robe.

"You are right, Mrs. Maining. I will stay here. But I cannot see him now," she added, as she approached the window.

"It is the turn of the road that hides him."

"I will have it made straight. Ah, you are laughing, Mrs. Maining. But you must imagine how glad I am! It seems an age since I have seen him; and this is our wedding day!"

The housekeeper smiled.

"Do you know the Earl?" continued Ruth.

"Yes, miss."

"Are you one of the family servants, then?"

The housekeeper busied herself in dusting the vacant chimney-piece, as she answered in the affirmative. But her face turned crimson, and she glanced towards her unobservant mistress, as she clapped her hands, and cried out, "There he is again!"—with a glance that seemed made up alike of pity and of hate.

Ruth watched a moment longer. The horseman passed the lodge gates, and came swiftly up the avenue.

"It is Howe!" she exclaimed, in a tone of dismay. "Oh, Mrs. Maining, something has happened! Oh, go, and see!"

She sprung towards the door, herself, but staggered and would have fallen, if the woman had not caught her in her arms.

"My lord is probably in the carriage, and has sent Howe on to tell you," said Mrs. Maining, soothingly. "Let me get you some water, miss; you look so faint!"

"No, no!—I am better, now. You are sure nothing can have happened?"

"Indeed, miss, you will see my lord here in ten minutes, I am certain! There is Howe cantering up to the door; may he come up here?"

"Oh, yes—now, at once!"

Ruth leaned against the mantelpiece, still trembling with the sudden shock. Mrs. Maining opened the window, and calling the man by name, made a peculiar sign to him. He nodded, and smiled. The next moment they heard him coming quickly up the stairs; Ruth sprang forward as he entered, and looked at him anxiously.

"What is it? Where is your master? Is he ill? Has he met with any accident?"

"No, my lady," said Howe, giving her a kind of "brevet rank" as he bowed low. "I am only the bearer of a message from him. Sarah, you had better leave us!"

"What is that for?" asked Ruth, a little startled.

"Servants are not always trustworthy, my lady; and to tell the truth, my sister, though one of the best of women in every other way, is a little curious, especially about this marriage. We had better talk in a more private place even than this."

"The other rooms are all locked on this floor, Howe."

"If you will allow me, I will convince you to the contrary."

He crossed the floor, and ran his hand along the wall. A dusty old picture moved from its place, and another room appeared before the startled eyes of Ruth, hung with arras, and furnished in the most expensive and luxurious style.

"Why, what is this?" she cried.

"A little surprise, my lady. My lord desired me to show these apartments to you before he came."

She passed through the apartment, he followed, and the entrance closed after them. The bird was in her cage!

She gazed around with a delighted smile. Rose-colored curtains hid the barred windows from her eyes—fresh flowers perfumed the apartment with their delicious breath—books and pictures, statues, and engravings of the rarest kind, were scattered lavishly around, and a harp and guitar stood near an antique music-stand of carved ebony inlaid with gold.

"It is like fairy-land!" she cried. "And did Charlemount plan all this for me?"

"He did, indeed, my lady!" was the grave reply.

"How kind—how good he is! But how have you managed it so well, that I knew nothing of what was going on?"

"Your apartments were in the other wing, my lady; and the workmen were often here in the middle of the night."

"Dear Charlemount!" said Ruth, musingly. "Are there no other rooms, Howe?"

"A dressing-room and bed-room beyond, my lady."

"I will not look at them just yet." She sat down in a chair of crimson velvet and ivory, and leaned her head back with a happy smile. "Tell me your message, Howe. It is certainly quiet enough here."

"Yes, my lady."

"And how soon will he come?"

There was a slight pause. Then the man answered, in a quiet tone, "*Never*, my lady!"

Ruth dropped the flower she had taken from a vase, and turned towards him.

"What did you say?"

"You will never see the Earl of Charlemount here!"

"What—what can you mean? It is not kind, Howe—it is not respectful! How dare you say such things to me? The Earl shall be informed of it, as soon as he arrives!"

Howe only smiled. He had been standing at a little distance from her chair; now he came nearer, and looking down at her with a peculiar glance, said distinctly, "He has deserted you, but I love you! Let me fill his place!"

One thing was clear. The man was intoxicated. And yet, as Ruth said this to herself, she looked up into the dark, quiet face, and shrank back, faint and frightened, in her chair. It was not the face of an intoxicated man. But surely he was mad!

"I think I must go down stairs!" she said timidly.

"There is not the slightest need of your doing so. Besides, I wish you to keep me company—to remain here!"

"Good heavens! what can all this mean?"

"Will you promise to hear me quietly if I tell you?"

"Yes."

"You will not go to fainting away, or screaming?"

"No. Oh, pray go on!"

"Well, then, we will go back a year or two!" said Howe, leaning against the mantelpiece, and looking down at her. "You remember when my lord first met you?"

"Yes," said Ruth, with pale lips.

"You were kind enough to live with him for a little while, and he was really very fond of you then."

"Then? So he is now."

Howe laughed.

"My dear lady, is it possible you have thought him in earnest all this while? He followed you to Paris; he met you there; he wrote to you often. Are any of those letters signed with his own name?"

"No," faltered poor Ruth.

"Neither are they in his own handwriting, but in mine!"

"What?"

"It is a fact, I assure you. My lord is a very cautious man. Those letters can never compromise him in any way."

"Where is he?" cried Ruth, wildly. "Oh! let me go to him! I know he loves me! I will not believe this that you are saying!"

"Wait one moment! He returned to England—he met you at Regina's cottage—he sent you here!"

"Well?"

"And to-morrow—"

"What of to-morrow?"

"He is to be married, my dear—but not to you!"

Ruth's eyes turned towards him with a look of dumb agony.

"It cannot be!" she moaned.

"Will this convince you?"

He held a blurred and blotted note towards her, and she read—

"I shall be married by special license, and start from London to-morrow. You must take charge of Ruth, and break this matter to her. To ask forgiveness of her is so cruel a farce, that, bad as I am, I will not attempt it.

"CHARLEMOUNT.

"P. S.—Whatever you do, must be *sure!* I have risked too much to lose at the last moment! Ruth must *never* cross my path again—or *hers!*"

The paper fell from her trembling hand—she gasped once or twice, and then sank back in her chair, senseless.

Howe put the letter carefully in his pocket-book, and stood and looked at her, without endeavoring to assist her in any way.

"Curious creatures, women are!" he soliloquized. "She looks like a broken lily, in that white dress. I wonder if Regina fainted when that fool of a Clifford went away? I should think not; she has too much pluck! But this one—how beautiful she is! and what a scene we shall have when she comes to her senses again!"

Slowly the color stole back to the poor pale face. He watched it curiously; and met the glance of the wild brown eyes, with an unmoved air.

"I am glad you are better!"

"What is it? What have you said?" she asked; passing her hand feebly over her eyes.

"Only, that the Earl is going to be married!"

She winced as if he had aimed a blow at her.

"And that I am quite willing to be your bridegroom, my beauty, rather than that you should have none!"

"Will no one take this man away!" she murmured, looking helplessly around.

"No one, my dear. Who should! The Earl has given you up to me, as you see; and the best thing you can do is to let me show you how very kind and gallant I am, when it suits me to be so. You are very beautiful—more beautiful than Regina, after all—and I wonder at his taste in choosing her."

"Than *who?*" gasped Ruth.

"Regina—the actress!"

"Is it *her?* Is he going to marry *her?*" asked Ruth, in a tone of astonishment.

Howe nodded.

"But Clifford?"

"She has sent him about his business!"

"Oh, heaven! I must go to her!—I must tell her! Oh, she will give him up to me at once when she knows all!"

She sprang up from her chair, and tried to open the door. It was bolted! She ran her hand over the wall, but the secret spring refused to yield to her unpractised touch. She threw open the door of the bed-room and dressing-room, but they could only be entered or left by the boudoir. She drew back the silken curtains of the window, and saw the iron bars. The truth seemed to flash upon her in an instant. She turned to Howe, who had not moved from his lounging position, but had followed her frantic movements with a quiet smile.

"Am I a prisoner?"

"I fear you are!"

"By his orders?"

"Yes!"

"This is why he sent me here!"

"You have guessed it!"

"Oh, Regina—Regina!"

She sank down upon the floor, utterly overpowered, and hiding her face in her hands, wept bitterly and despairingly.

"You make me think of those poor devils of birds I have seen in shop windows in London," said Howe. "They go about their cages just as you went about these rooms, and knock their silly heads against the bars, and look out with frightened eyes if any one comes near them; and though they don't say 'Regina!' at the end, I dare say they think it; probably they have all left a Regina in the nest from which they were taken, if the truth was told."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ What's in a name? The St. Louis *Republican* supports Douglas and Johnson; the St. Louis *Democrat* supports Lincoln and Hamlin.

☞ A COON BY A "GENTLEMAN FROM AFRICA."—When are a fella a-trainin' a hoss, like a gentleman a-drawin' his wine for dinna'? When he are a puttin' it in de canter.—*Vanity Fair.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A SCENE FROM FRENCH LIFE.

PARIS, July 20, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

That there is perhaps no point on which there is a wider difference of opinion and feeling between the French and Anglo Saxon peoples, than on that of marriage, is a remark which has been made so many times already, that one can lay no claim to originality in making it; but it is none the less true on that account. It is, in fact, so really, evidently, and all-pervadingly true, that, if you live in France, you seem to arrive, every day of your life, at such fresh, conclusive, superabundant proof of its truth, that the hackneyed proposition seems to be perpetually coming home to you as something you have just been made aware of for the first time.

Among the great majority of French parents, the idea that people should know, judge, and mutually prefer one another as life companions, before allowing themselves to be inextricably tied up at the altar and before Monsieur the Mayor, is regarded as a most monstrous, improper, false, and mischievous mistake. Marriage being "a serious thing," in fact, one of the most serious things in life, the heads of "young people" are considered as quite incompetent to decide upon the fitness or otherwise of a projected union; and if their "heads" are not to be trusted in such a matter, it stands to reason their "hearts" are still less to be trusted. As a general rule, French parents have a greater horror and distrust of what they call "a marriage of inclination," than of almost any other calamity which could befal their children. I remember a young Frenchman once describing to me the remarkable affection subsisting, after nearly twenty years of marriage (a fact which he seemed to regard as well nigh miraculous), between the heads of a family with whom he was on terms of intimacy.

"Such a long continuance of affection in married life," remarked my young friend, "appears to me to speak very highly in favor, not merely of the lady, who is English—and I am inclined to think that Englishwomen often make very good wives—but also of the gentleman. Their two children, also, so well brought up, so intelligent and accomplished, are at once a great joy, and an additional bond of union to their parents. In fact, it is *the one* happy marriage, the one happy household I know of. The fact that the husband is rich, that no pecuniary anxieties weigh on the family-life, or fetter the parents in the carrying-out of their plans for the education and happiness of their children, constitutes, of course, one very important element in the delightful harmony, sympathy, and general agreeableness of the friends I speak of. But there must be something more than the mere possession of money in the case; for I know many families much richer than they are—in fact, the wife had no fortune whatever—but I *know none so happy. And the most extraordinary* point in the case is the fact that their marriage was purely and simply a marriage of inclination; that is to say, the kind of marriage which is the most dangerous, the least likely to turn out well, of any marriage into which it is possible to enter, because, when once the feelings are enlisted, the judgment is troubled, and a couple who have had the misfortune to fall in love with one another, and to marry in the state of hallucination thus produced, are almost certain to awaken from their dream when the mischief is done, and when nothing is left for them but to expiate, by the regrets of a life time, the wretched mistake into which they have been led by the dangerous attraction of a preference based solely upon feeling."

My young friend, a rising physician, who had attended a member of my family through a severe illness, and had thus come to be received in the house as something more than a mere acquaintance, used frequently to consult me with regard to his matrimonial desires and prospects.

He very much wished to marry, being fond of domestic life, and regarding matrimony as "the thing" in the case of physicians. He was then very much in love with a young lady who would have made him (as far as such a matter can be judged of beforehand) an excellent wife; highly educated, refined, and of more than ordinary moral worth. I fancy that she, too, was attached to him; though on this point I can speak with less certainty. Our young doctor, however, though admitting that he was greatly in love with the lady, and really suffering a good deal at the "necessity" of "forgetting her," never seemed for an instant to dream of such a thing as following the bent of his inclination, and asking Mlle. Julie D——— to be his wife. And why? Mlle. Julie, pretty, graceful, excellent Mlle. Julie, was poor. Her father was blind, and had thus been obliged to relinquish business before he had attained the competency he had hoped for. Julie and her two sisters were the support of this disabled father, and of their mother, who devoted her whole time to him. While successfully engaged in business, M. D——— had expended a large portion of his gains in giving an admirable education to his three daughters, rightly considering that such an education was the best provision he could make for them. When his sight failed, the little he had laid by was insufficient for the support of his family, and the three sisters lost no time in turning their talents to account. One became a teacher in a large boarding-school in the environs of Paris; a second is a painter of some note; and Julie, an excellent pianist, gives music lessons here in Paris. They neither of them gain very much; but they manage to support their excellent parents in comfort, and are slowly putting by some provision for their own old age, for they know how universally French girls buy their husbands, and do not flatter themselves that anybody will marry them without a "dot."

Our young doctor fully appreciated the touching devotion of Julie and her sisters, of which I have often heard him speak with tears in his eyes. But he used to say that it would be "madness" in him to think of marrying her.

"I have no money," he would argue. "and it is impossible to keep house in Paris without money. If I were rich, I should certainly marry Mlle. Julie; but what should we do, especially if we had children, poor as we should be? A physician is unusually fortunate if he pays his way by his profession in the course of the first five years of his practice; most of us are not able to support a family before ten. I am already twenty-seven; Julie is nineteen; ten years of pinching and poverty would find us both almost old, disheartened, and weary of life and of one another."

So the young doctor, believing that such a union would be equally a misfortune for the young lady and for himself, seemed to consider it an absolute duty to try to "forget" her, and even took great credit to himself for his conscientious following of the path of "duty" in so doing. He seconded his "good resolutions" by a careful search for a wife among the daughters of his wealthier acquaintances, aided by several old friends who felt it to be due to him to help him in so laudable a struggle with a dangerous preference which ought to be got rid of. Their joint endeavors were at length crowned by unlooked-for success; a young orphan, of good family, gentle, insipid, but well meaning, and a fortune of fifteen thousand francs a year—a dazzling sum to the young doctor, who is of humble parentage, and never ventured to hope for a "dot" of half that amount!

The young physician is very handsome, gentlemanly, and agreeable, and will probably be eminent, some day, or other, in his profession. The young orphan was much gratified by the choice of her friends; and the doctor, enchanted with the "dot" and the gentleness of the orphan, was in a state of profound contentment at the turn his matrimonial affairs had taken. He seemed to regard the finding of the orphan and her "dot" almost as a reward vouchsafed by Providence to his virtuous determination in getting the better of an admitted weakness, and would have experienced a remorseful conviction that he was "scorning his mercies," if he had for one moment hesitated to accept them.

The "affair" being promptly arranged by the management of friends, and the willing consent of the parties themselves, it was decided that the marriage should take place as soon as the *trousseau* of the bride-elect could be got ready. This important element of a French wedding being put in hand at once, and the other preparations being pushed forward with equal vigor, the happy pair were united—first at the *mairie*, and next at the church—within six weeks of the day when they were first introduced to one another. The *corbeille* presented, as usual, to the bride-elect, on the morning of the wedding-day, by the husband-to-be, was considered as being remarkably tasteful and complete. The young doctor had succeeded, on the strength of the fortune so soon to be his, in getting his father to advance him "the needful;" and the cachemires, laces, jewels, and other objects of toilet luxury, usually considered in the *corbeille*—the whole of the underclothes, dresses, bonnets and other objects of *toilet-necessity, together with a couple of superlative* shirts for the bridegroom, forming the *trousseau*, which is provided by the family of the bride—were provided by him of the handsomest description.

The wedding went off with some *eclat;* the young couple settled down to housekeeping in very comfortable style, and within a couple of years of their marriage, they were rejoicing in the birth of a son; an addition to their sum of prosperity which had been greatly desired.

As his wife keeps his house very nicely, is very proud of her handsome husband, and is really too kindhearted to be disliked in spite of her rather limited stock of intellect, the young doctor considers himself a "living example" of the wisdom of making matrimony a "matter of reason;" and gravely felicitates himself, every time he hears of a family struggling with pecuniary difficulties, on his own "Providential" escape from the menace of that terrible danger.

But I really don't know why my pen has been running on at such a rate about the young doctor and his doings, to whom, and to whose doings, I only intended to allude *en passant*, on my way to the history of another young couple; for it is certain that any interest I may have felt in the matter was much less for him than for the young lady from whom he so "conscientiously" turned away, though I know that he regarded himself as pretty certain of being able to have her for the asking. It is just possible that his vanity may have overrated his chances of winning a girl so superior as Mlle. Julie; still, the fact that she grew very pale and thin about the time of his marriage, and that it was some time before she seemed to be again in her usual good looks and good spirits, leads me to the conclusion that the handsome young doctor was not far out in his diagnosis of the state of that young lady's cardiac region. However, all that is of little consequence now; for Julie was not a girl to grieve long over the breaking of a dream, which was only not a reality because the stuff it was made of was of too flimsy a texture to become such. She no doubt consoled herself by reflecting that one who preferred to herself a harmless, neutral-tinted, mediocre money-bag, was simply not worthy of her regret; and I think she was none the worse for the disappointment, though it was, I suppose, poor child, sharp enough at the time. But, as I said, just now, the whole thing is of little consequence, as far as she is concerned, though I remember that I felt not a little pained, indignant, and disappointed, for Julie was rather a favorite of mine; and seeing how much the young doctor was in love with her, and regarding him as one who was pretty sure to go up in his profession, I had built up a little romance for her in my own mind, and did not at all relish its overthrow, and the prospect of seeing the good, patient, devoted girl condemned to go on, until she was gray, slaving at the inevitable music-lessons. But it seems that such will not be the fate of Julie after all; for I have just learned that she is going to marry a man of a very different type from the handsome and calculating young doctor; a very learned professor, no richer in worldly goods than herself, but one who, from his own mental and moral superiority, can thoroughly appreciate hers, and who, if he cannot yet relieve her of the necessity of working—a necessity not always, and under all circumstances, to be deplored, even for a woman—will at least respect her all the more deeply for her work, and will glory in working with, and for her, until he can.

What I really meant to recount, when my pen danced off into this long digression, was the wooing and wedding of some other young friends of mine, who were made very miserable for a short time, and came very near being made so for a much longer one, by the firmness with which the prejudice against love-matches so usual in the mind of French parents, had taken root in that of the young lady's mamma.

But I see that I am not telling my story in an orderly way, and will therefore commence a new sentence in order that I may begin it, properly, at the very beginning, by stating that the "mamma" in question, is the Baroness de Vilmore, a clever, managing, stingy, vainglorious, but not bad-hearted woman, who rules her husband, children, servants, and chateau, not exactly with a rod of iron, but with a will not very much gentler or more yielding.

The Baron is a well-meaning but very narrow-minded man, excessively proud of his old name, though the estates that go with it are now not above a tithe of the wide domains owned by the Lords of Vilmore before the great Revolution; an epoch in French history of which he has the profoundest possible horror. Though fond of show, he is fully as careful of money as his clever help-mate; in fact, the noble couple possess a tolerably well-established reputation for parsimony and meanness among all the persons honored with their acquaintance. They come to Paris for a couple of months every spring; and are usually lavish in promises of game, figs, venison, and preserves to the friends in whose dinners, suppers, routs, and balls they participate during these visits. Of all these fine promises, however, I have never heard of anything coming, except in the case of one of their relatives, who was quite taken aback, one day last autumn, by the arrival of a hamper containing a couple of well-truffled galena-fowls, duly forwarded to her address from the chateau de Vilmore. So amazed was this lady—the Countess de Pertius—at the arrival of these "volatiles" from such a quarter, that she forthwith gave a little dinner to a select circle of intimate friends, at which the unexpected present figured in all its glory.

"You would never guess from what quarter these fowls arrived!" cried the little Countess, with a merry laugh, as the birds made their appearance in a silver dish, emitting a delectable fragrance. "I give you all three guesses a piece," she continued, "but you may as well give up the point at once, for it is certain, though you know the parties who sent them, that you would never imagine they really came from them."

"We give up, Countess," cried the guests with one voice, impatient to attack the savory *roti*.

"They come from Vilmore! Let us see—may that the age of miracles is past!" said the hostess.

"No! you are joking! If it could be so, we should be compelled to believe that the various products of that enchanted region are something more substantial than the myths which we have hitherto supposed them to be; an act of faith almost too great for the children of this incredulous nineteenth century!"

"These fowls were promised me, by my cousins, just six years ago," continued the Countess, reflectively.

"It would seem that poultry must be slow in attaining its development at Vilmore," observed one of the guests.

"For it is certain that these birds are excellent; and then the truffles!" added another.

"The truffles are also the produce of the estate," remarked the Countess, parenthetically; "so my beloved cousins have not needed to untie the strings of their purse in order to make me this astounding and unprecedented present; were it not so, it is to be presumed that we should not, at this moment, be discussing the same. But I was going to remark that, as six years have sufficed to realize the promise of these galena-fowls, it is possible that the realization of the other *promises may be only a question of time.*"

"A bold induction, Countess!" cried the guests in chorus. "What an enchanting perspective you open to our dazzled vision by such a suggestion."

"Enchanting indeed," said the hostess, with mock gravity. "For, if galena-fowls show themselves six years after promise, venison may fairly be looked for after say ten or eleven; preserves, after three years; hares, after four; and figs, possibly, in from two to three; which reminds me that, if my calculations be exact, the figs promised me just two years and a half ago, ought to be here next season. The peaches promised seven years ago must hardly be looked for; as it seems scarcely possible that they can ever ripen at all at Vilmore, if seven of its hot southern summers have not sufficed to make them ready!"

But here I must cut short my yarn; warned by the length my letter has already reached, I reserve the rest of my story for my next.

QUANTUM.

A DUKE GIVES HUMBOLDT THE LIE.—Humboldt's letters to Varnhagen Von Ense are still making a stir in Germany, where many editions have been printed. Many of its statements are disputed; and it is related that the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar has taken a very decided method of contradicting a story told about him. The story is this, as given by Humboldt to Varnhagen: "Once, after a gentleman, not belonging to the nobility, had left the company, he (the Grand Duke) expressed with great satisfaction the comfortable feeling, 'Now, we are amongst ourselves.' Another time, when it was noticed that there were thirteen at dinner table, he replied, consolingly, that 'there were two commoners amongst them, who did not count for anything!' This he told Humboldt in French, because, as he said, 'these two would not understand it.'" When the book arrived in Weimar, the Grand Duke took a copy, wrote on the margin opposite this passage: "*This is a lie*—Karl August," and then deposited it in the town library.

☞ The most ignorant empiric can do us the greatest harm, when the most scientific physician may be unable to do us the slightest good.

POLITICAL NEWS.

As a matter of convenient reference, we publish below a statement of the electoral vote to which each State will be entitled for President, in November next, together with the popular vote in 1856:—

States.	Electoral vote.	Buchanan.	Fremont.	Fillmore.
Maine,	8	38,035	65,514	3,233
New Hampshire,	5	32,567	38,158	414
Vermont,	5	10,577	39,561	511
Massachusetts,	13	39,240	108,000	19,626
Rhode Island,	4	6,680	11,467	1,676
Connecticut,	6	31,995	42,715	2,615
New York,	35	195,878	276,705	124,604
New Jersey,	7	46,943	28,351	24,115
Pennsylvania,	27	230,151	147,350	82,178
Delaware,	3	8,163	306	6,175
Maryland,	8	39,115	281	47,482
Virginia,	15	89,876	291	60,039
North Carolina,	10	48,347	——	38,886
*South Carolina,	8	——	——	——
Georgia,	10	56,816	——	42,378
Florida,	3	6,286	——	4,303
Alabama,	9	46,817	——	28,647
Louisiana,	6	22,169	——	20,709
Mississippi,	7	35,665	——	24,490
Texas,	4	28,575	——	15,244
Arkansas,	4	21,908	——	10,816
Missouri,	9	58,164	——	49,524
Tennessee,	12	73,638	——	66,178
Kentucky,	12	72,917	360	65,822
Ohio,	23	170,874	187,497	28,125
Indiana,	11	118,672	94,816	23,386
Illinois,	11	104,279	96,280	37,451
Michigan,	6	52,139	71,762	1,660
Wisconsin,	5	52,867	66,092	579
Iowa,	4	36,241	44,127	9,444
Minnesota,	4	——	——	——
California,	4	48,460	16,731	29,327
Oregon,	3	——	——	——
Total,	303	1,850,980	1,334,553	885,960

* By Legislature.

Necessary to a choice 152.

MISSOURI.—In St. Louis, T. R. Barrett (Douglas Dem.) for the short term, has 324 majority, and T. P. Blair, *Jr.*, (Repub.) the long term, has 1,322 majority. The "Union" party had no candidate for the short term.

The Congressional delegation will stand, it is thought, 6 Democrats to 3 Opposition. Jackson (Douglas Dem.) so far leads Orr (Union) for Governor, 6,290 votes.

NEW YORK.—The Breckinridge and Lane State Convention nominated a full State ticket, headed by James T. Brady, of New York city, for Governor.

Several resolutions looking towards fusion were voted down—the general sentiment being decidedly in favor of a straight ticket. The following resolution was then offered by Mr. Little:—

Resolved, That the State Central Committee appointed to-day be empowered to confer, if they deem proper to do so, with any other Committee appointed for the purpose of consolidating the national elements of the State in opposing the Republican Electoral State ticket.

After considerable debate, Mr. Little amended the resolution by adding thereto the words "Upon the principles enunciated by this Convention in its resolutions."

The resolution was then adopted amid applause from outsiders and delegates.

A Breckinridge electoral ticket was formed, and the Convention adjourned, after a speech from the Hon. D. S. Dickinson, in which he said, "if every Democrat should insist, then, that Douglas shall be withdrawn. That would dispense with the necessity for negotiations and intrigues to which he (Dickinson) was opposed in every mood and gender, in every number and case. [Great applause.] He called upon the Democracy to raise their banner boldly and not to say they are half right and half wrong, but declare themselves all right—to take no rotten timber in their building. [Applause."

AN ERROR.—In our account last week of the political complexion of the State delegations in the House of Representatives, we made an error in classing the Missouri delegation. It is for Douglas, not Breckinridge.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Democratic State Committee, at Cresson, after considerable discussion, passed the following resolution, by a vote of 46 to 24:—

Resolved, That the Democratic Electoral ticket be headed with the name of Douglas or Breckinridge as an elector at large, and in the event of the success of said ticket, if a greater number shall have been cast for Douglas, then the vote of the Electoral College of the State shall be cast for Douglas and Johnson, but if for Breckinridge, then for Breckinridge and Lane; if the vote of Pennsylvania cannot elect the candidates for whom the majority of votes are cast and can elect any man running for President claiming to be a Democrat, then the vote of the Electoral College shall be cast for that candidate; if it will not elect either of the Democrats for whom it is cast, or any of the Democrats who are voted for in the State, then the vote shall be cast for the candidate who has the majority of the votes of the State; and the Chairman of this Committee be requested to obtain from the electors their several and distinct pledges of abquiescence in the foregoing resolution, and report the result of his action at a future meeting of the Committee.

The Committee then adjourned *sine die*, with cheers for the ticket.

KENTUCKY.—Gen. Leslie Coombs (Bell and Everett) has been elected Clerk of the Court of Appeals, the most lucrative office in the State, by a large majority. Returns from 84 counties, mostly complete, give Coombs a majority of 25,296 over McClarty, and 8,565 over all.

ARKANSAS.—Johnson (Breckinridge, Dem.) has been elected Governor by about 10,000 majority.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Ellis (Breckinridge, Dem.) is elected Governor over Pool (Bell and Everett) by about 6,000 majority. Mr. Dick, member of the Douglas National Committee, has (since the election) issued a call for a Democratic (Douglas) State Convention, to be held at Raleigh on the 30th of August.

CALIFORNIA.—Seventeen Democratic newspapers have declared for Douglas, and thirteen for Breckinridge; nine are still non-committal. The Irish and German vote will mostly go with the Douglas branch of the party; but it is difficult to estimate which wing is the stronger. The Bell party, thus far, does not exhibit much "rank and file" strength.

DELAWARE.—The Democratic State Convention recently met at Dover, and endorsed Breckinridge and Lane.

STARTLING AND SPLENDID DISCOVERY.—It is said that Mayor Tiemann at his paint-factory in Manhattanville, has accidentally made a discovery which threatens to revolutionize horticulture. One of the factory-hands having thrown some liquid green paint of a particular kind on a flower-bed occupied by white anemones, the flowers have since made their appearance with petals as green as grass. The paint had in it a peculiar and very penetrating chemical mixture, which Mr. Tiemann has since applied, with other colors, to other plants, annual, biennial and of the shrub kind—the result being invariably that the flowers so watered took the hue of the liquid deposited at their root. By commencing experiments early next year, during seed time, and applying different colors, we shall no doubt soon be enabled to "paint the lily," which was Solomon's ambition. When this experiment shall have been fully tested and acknowledged a success—then by skillful application of fine dress-patterns used in cotton mills, we may be able to give printed form as well as color to the various flowers. Fancy a splendid convolvolus *crop* growing up—each flower bearing on its delicate bell a life-like representation of the Star-Spangled Banner! Or a geranium with the American eagle on each petal and "*E Pluribus Unum*," running as an embroidered motto round the leaf.

☞ The lady who took everybody's eye, must have a lot of them.

NEWS ITEMS.

The ladies of Aci, in Sicily, have addressed a letter to General Garibaldi, announcing that from a wish to follow the noble example of patriotism given by the women of Upper and Central Italy, they intend to collect together and forward him a sum of 6,000 francs, which they had intended for the purchase of their summer dresses. The donors express a wish that the sum in question may be employed in the purchase of muskets.

It is said that Kossuth and his family have arrived in Paris.

A Minnesota paper says that a man who recently went with an excursion party from St. Paul to Lake City, becoming weary, yawned. In yawning, he opened his jaws so wide that they became set and refused to come together again; he was therefore obliged to remain with his mouth painfully open till he returned to the land, where he was only set right with much tribulation. The case is pregnant with warning to those who are in the habit of attending evening parties.

Shooting stars are seen every month of the year, but there are some half a dozen periods during which they are very abundant. These are April 22-25, July 17-26—during which the late meteor appeared—August 9-11, October 16-18, November 12-14, November 27-29, December 6-12. January is mentioned as having frequently brilliant displays, but the day is not stationary. The August epoch seems to have been the richest of late years. It hardly ever fails to bring a very abundant harvest of meteors.

Practical Amalgamation.—A marriage recently took place at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, between Lieut. Colonel John Campbell, of her Majesty's Indian army, and the Princess Victoria Gooramma, daughter of the late ex-Rajah of Coorg. The dusky damsel, no doubt, was well ballasted with rupees.

An infernal machine, called the centrifugal gun, is on exhibition at Columbus, Ohio, which will throw five hundred balls a minute, with the force of an ordinary rifle, without the aid of powder or cap, by merely turning a crank like a coffee-mill.

In Cincinnati, on Thursday evening, a little son of Mr. Solomon Kaufman, while riding on horseback, was thrown from the horse, and, his foot catching in the stirrup, he was dragged some distance, and so badly injured as to cause his death soon after.

A Virginia gentleman of distinction refused to give his age to the census-taker. He was reported to the department, and a correspondence ensued. He finally submitted to the law, but forwarded a protest occupying three sheets of paper, with his views on the constitutional question.

Far more than half of the total value of thirty millions worth of textile fabrics made annually in and near Philadelphia is still sold under the trade-mark of merchants of Hartford, New York, and half a dozen other cities, and all this utterly without necessity and without excuse.

Thaddeus Hyatt offers, in the columns of the Scientific American, a reward of $1,000 for the invention of a practical flying machine, adapted to individual locomotion, expressing his confidence that such a thing is perfectly practicable.

The report of the murder of a wealthy southerner at Long Branch, N. J., is believed to be a wicked hoax. No boarder is missing—no dead body has been found.

Census Returns of the Crops.—According to the returns already received at the Census Bureau at Washington, the crops in all the northwestern States are immensely heavy this year. In Pennsylvania they are represented to be nearly if not quite double those of last year, and in other States they will probably be correspondingly heavy.

The Providence Post says that Dr. Kasson, of Canton, Conn., who recently came in possession of a second wife, of some beauty and considerable spirit, was much surprised last Thursday, on returning from a drive among his patients, to find the house empty, the wife gone, bag and baggage, and the most marvelous tales afloat among the village gossips. The latter have it that a swift, fine carriage drove up to the doctor's, then away; then followed the packing and lading of trunks; exit the lady; cracks of whips; clouds of dust in the distance; clouds of mystery over the village and over the whole transaction.

Cut Off His Own Head.—We were yesterday informed that a man engaged in mowing near Norwich, Ohio, on the line of the Central Ohio Railroad, attempted to kill a snake with the heel of his scythe, and in so doing struck the back part of his neck with the point of the blade, severing the head from the body.—*Exch.*

The great cricket match, at New York, between the Canada eleven and United States eleven was concluded recently; the United States winning with five wickets to fall. The score stood as follows:—For Canada 190 runs; for United States 191. A number of Philadelphia players were in the U. S. ranks.

No Accounting for Taste.—Seventy-two white females were married to negroes, in the State of Massachusetts, last year.

Fatal Accident to a Well Known Inventor.—Mr. Obed Hussey, of Baltimore, well known as the inventor of the reaping machine, met his death on Saturday. He fell from a railroad train at Exeter, whilst on his way from Boston to Portland, Maine, and was instantly killed.

Largest Sale on Record in Arkansas.—The Chicot (Ark.) Press says:—Joshua M. Craig, of Chicot county, has recently sold to Judge Griffin, of Washington county, Miss., his magnificent plantation known as "Leland," situated about ten miles below Columbia, and consisting of 3,200 acres, 1,700 of which are under cultivation, the balance in timber. Also, his negroes, to the number of 163, old and young—100 being working hands—90 head of mules, and the entire stock of farming implements, &c., all for the sum of four hundred thousand dollars. In addition to this, Mr. Craig reserves the present year's crop of cotton and corn, and eleven family servants.

A German paper, the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung, received by recent arrivals, reports the old Emperor of China, Hien-Fung, as dead or dying. If this proves true, the allies will possibly receive propositions of peace from Pekin.

In Paris, the insurance companies are petitioning the Emperor that a law may be passed, prohibiting the sale of matches made of white phosphorous, and French ingenuity is now exercising itself to provide a substitute, and in fact has succeeded. Statistics prove a constant increase in the rates of accidental fires since the phosphorus tipped bits of wood were first brought out in France, in 1838, and since that date the matches themselves have at least doubled what was then the annual average of fires.

The census man in New London found a woman who gave her own age as 28 years, and that of her oldest son as 23!

The corn and wheat corps are said to be such failures generally in the South, that large quantities will have to be purchased of the northern and western States. Happily for the South, the cotton never entirely fails, and in an augmented crop of (it is estimated) 4,500,000 bales, she will find the means to purchase her food.

The Boston Transcript says, with a graceful exultation, that the recent Commencement exercises at the Vermont University, a Boston poet was so funny that Saxe, the professional joker and regular Democratic candidate for Governor of the State, was forced to laugh.

Champagne or Dragony.—Among the latest interesting novelties is an arrangement by which champagne can be kept on draught. A firm in Washington advertise that they have it on hand, warranted pure wine, and for sale at all hours.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Important Letter from Louis Napoleon.

The Adriatic, at New York on the 11th, brings foreign news to the 1st. Lady Franklin is a passenger.

The Emperor Napoleon has written a letter to the French Ambassador in London, in reference to Lord Palmerston's late speech. It is as follows:

"St. Cloud, July 25th, 1860.

"*My Dear Persigny:*—Affairs appear to me to be so complicated—thanks to the mistrust excited everywhere since the war in Italy—that I write to you in the hope that a conversation in perfect frankness with Lord Palmerston, will remedy the existing evil.

"Lord Palmerston knows me, and when I affirm a thing he will believe me. Well, you can tell him from me, in the most explicit manner, that since the peace of Villafranca I have had but one thought, one object; *to inaugurate a new era of peace, and to live on the best terms with all my neighbors and especially with England.* I had renounced Savoy and Nice. The extraordinary additions to Piedmont alone caused me to resume the desire to see reunited to France provinces essentially French.

"But, it will be objected, you wish for peace, and you increase immoderately the military forces of France. I deny the fact in every sense. My army and my fleet have in them nothing of a threatening character. My steam navy is even far from being adequate to our requirements, and the number of steamers does not nearly equal that of sailing ships deemed necessary in the time of King Louis Philippe. I have four hundred thousand men under arms, but deduct from this amount sixty thousand in Algieria, six thousand at Rome, eight thousand in China, two thousand gend'armes, the sick and new conscripts, and you will see, what is the truth, that my regiments are of smaller effective strength, than during the preceding reign. The only addition to the army list has been made by the creation of the Imperial Guard. Moreover, while wishing for peace, I desire also to organize the forces of the country on the best possible footing; for if foreigners have only seen the bright side of the last war, I myself, close at hand, have witnessed the defects, and I wish to remedy them.

"Having said thus much, I have, since Villafranca, neither done, nor even thought anything which could alarm any one.

"When Lavalette started for Constantinople, the instructions which I gave him were confined to this:—use every effort to maintain the *status quo*. The interest of France is that Turkey should live as long as possible. Now, then, occur the massacres in Syria, and it is asserted that I am very glad to find a new occasion of making a little war, or of playing a new part.

"Really people give me credit for very little common sense. If I instantly proposed an expedition, it was because my feelings were those of the people which has put me at its head, and the intelligence from Syria transported me with indignation. My first thought, nevertheless, was to come to an understanding with England. What other interest than that of humanity could induce me to send troops into that country?

"Could it be that the possession of it would increase my strength? Can I conceal from myself that Algeria, notwithstanding its future advantages, is a source of weakness to France, which for thirty years has devoted to it the purest of its blood and its gold? I said it in 1852, at Bordeaux, and my opinion is still the same.

"I have great conquests to make, but only in France. Her inferior organization, her moral development, the increase of her resources—have still immense progress to make. There a field exists vast enough for my ambition, and sufficient to satisfy it.

"It was difficult for me to come to an understanding with England on the subject of Central Italy, because I was bound by the peace of Villafranca. As to Southern Italy, I am free *from engagements, and I ask nothing better* than a concert with England on this point, as on others.

"But in heaven's name, let the eminent men who are placed at the head of the English government lay aside petty jealousies and unjust mistrusts. Let us understand one another in good faith, like honest men as we are, and not like thieves who desire to cheat each other.

"To sum up, this is my innermost thought; I desire that Italy should obtain peace, no matter how, but without foreign intervention; and that my troops should be able to quit Rome without compromising the security of the Pope.

"I could very much wish not to be obliged to undertake the Syrian expedition, and in any case not to undertake it alone. First, because it will be a great expense; and, secondly, because I fear that this intervention may involve the Eastern question.

"But, on the other hand, I do not see how to resist public opinion in my country, which will never understand that we can leave unpunished not only the massacre of Christians, but the burning of our consulates, the insult to our flag, and the pillage of the monasteries which were under our protection.

"I have told you all I think, without disguising or omitting anything. Make what use you may think advisable of my letter.

"Believe me in sincere friendship.

"Napoleon."

The London Times, in commenting on the above letter, while evidently distrusting the Emperor, is glad of any occasion which has elicited the profession of such friendly sentiments, and trusts that they foreshadow a policy under which we may enjoy peace without being compelled longer to support the burdens of war.

Turkey has accepted the proposals for the intervention of a convention at Paris of the great Powers in the affairs at Syria.

A military convention had been held between Garibaldi and General Clary. The Neapolitans will keep the forts of Syracuse, Agosta and Messina. The navigation of the Strait of Messina is to be declared free.

The Convention agreed to by Garibaldi and Clary says that the citadel of Messina shall not fire on the town, and the Garibaldian colors will take equal rank with the Neapolitan flag.

Naples is tranquil, but much agitation prevailed in the provinces.

France has assented to the Neapolitan proposal that the French and English fleets cruise off Calabria and Naples to prevent the landing of Garibaldians. Lord John Russell declined to accede, because England desired to maintain the principle of non-intervention.

The Pope has decided not to quit Rome.

England, Austria and Prussia are ready to send troops to Syria.

A mutual understanding has taken place between Austria and Prussia on the most important questions of European policy. This is the result of the Toplitz meeting.

Rev. Mr. Graham, of the Irish Presbyterian mission at Damascus, was murdered in the open streets. He had a guard of Turkish troops, but they did nothing towards defending him.

Three thousand Christians had taken refuge in the citadel occupied by the Algerines under Abd-el-Kader.

Liverpool, Aug. 1.—Cotton is dull, prices unchanged. Flour is quiet, and prices easier, though quotations are unchanged. Corn dull. Beef heavy. Pork dull. Rice steady. Rosin and Turpentine dull.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1680 head. The prices ranged from $7½ to 7¾ ₱ 100 lbs. Cows—50 head sold from $8 to 8½ ₱ 100, according to quality. 1160 Hogs were sold at from $8 to 8¾ ₱ 100 lbs. 5000 head of Sheep were sold at from 8 to 8¾c ₱ lb.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

We learn from The Friend, of Saturday last, that the proposed reforms in the Religious Society of Friends, which had, for some time been under consideration in England, or rather by the London Yearly Meeting, were favorably passed upon at the late Yearly Meeting, and will hereafter form part of the disciplines of the Society within the bounds of the same. These reforms or changes, refer to "plainness of speech, behavior and apparel." Parliament has also passed the necessary act to permit the marriage of persons, not members but attendants of their meetings, to be performed in their meetings. These are certainly important innovations, and in relation to which The Friend per tinently remarks, that "if allowed to go on, must revolutionise the Society, altering, more or less, the whole system of doctrine and testimonies handed down from our fore fathers and heretofore believed by Friends to be in accordance with the purity and spirituality of the gospel, and what every true Friend has been accustomed to look on as sacred and dear to his best feelings."

The result of this change, is, that members of the Society of Friends, will not be *required* to dress plainly, use the plain language, or to observe the strict behavior hitherto a part of the discipline of Friends. Persons, who by their attendance upon meetings, show that they have a common belief with Quakers, will enjoy the privilege of having the marriage ceremony performed in meeting, &c.

The editor of The Friend has written a long article in review of this action of the English Quakers, in which it is argumentatively condemned as con aloing the seeds for the dissolution of the Society, and adds:

"These changes have by no means completed the 'reforms' contemplated, or exhausted the power of the party that has carried them through. Much yet remains to be done before the Society will be so renovated and rejuvenated as to satisfy it. An 'arrangement' for teaching during part of the time of our meetings for worship usually held in silence, by persons, who, from their knowledge of the Greek and Syriac languages, and study of the Scriptures and the various commentaries upon them, may think themselves qualified and called upon to practice it in them; 'Scripture Meetings' where both learned or unlearned may study and expound the Scriptures; the institution of missions to heathen lands, are all among the new arrangements not merely proposed, but strenuously urged, with a fair prospect that are long the preponderating sentiment will be in their favor."

It seems that the party in the London Yearly Meeting favoring these changes, who have long been at work to accomplish them, "is large in number, respectable in position, and influential form wealth and learning; and having boldly and frankly demanded the change, and taken an active part in meetings in urging acquiescence therewith, many have weakly given way to them." We presume, however, they constituted the majority, when final action was taken, and thus, as in all bodies, carried their point.

In Ireland a similar movement has been inaugurated, and will probably at the next meeting of the Dublin Yearly Meeting, be consummated. Thence it will extend to America, where indications of such a proceeding have for some time been existing, and where the movement will either effect a separation, or a conformation as in England. The result of this departure from a portion of the discipline of original Quakerism, which departure the reformers contend has nothing to do with the *doctrines* professed by the Society, will probably be a gradual increase in the number of members, instead of a gradual decrease, which for some years has been steadily progressing. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

Prospects of the Grape.—At the last meeting of the American Wine-Growers' Association, held in Cincinnati last Saturday, Robert Buchanan, Esq., stated that the wine crop this season would be a fair average one. The vintage will be nearly two weeks earlier than usual. The rot prevails badly in some vineyards, reducing the yield one-fourth; but the average product of the State is fully made up by a superior yield in other quarters.

During a recent heavy thunder storm, the gentleman of the house remarked that the lightning would be very vivid, and no person should handle or have steel about their persons during its continuance for fear of accident. The ladies of the house suddenly made a simultaneous rush for their rooms, and soon thereafter appeared vastly reduced in rotundity. The gentleman, of course, said nothing more, and looked innocent.

Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, recently lectured on temperance, at Poughkeepsie, and, at the close, signed the total abstinence pledge.

☞ "I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you are hard pushed," as the idle boy said to the needle.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Aug. 11.—FLOUR firm; sales of 9500 bbls. Wheat dull; 20,000 bus sold; winter is steady, while spring is lower; white Western $1,32@1,46, $1,23@1,24. Corn firm; 18,000 bus sold at 63½c for mixed. Pork dull; Mess $18,50@19,31½. Lard heavy at 12½@13½c.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	114	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101	101½
" new	104	104½
" 6 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	76	—
" 5 " coupon	43	50
Allegh City 6 pr ct	66	72
" County	42	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	95½	96
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	90	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	69½	—
Ohio " 1886	100½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	90½	90½
Virginia "	93½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	94½	95
N Y City, 6's-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	140	—
Philadelphia	119	120
Far & Mec	87½	—
Commercial	50	—
N Liberty	60	—
Mechanics	26½	—
Southwark	79	—
N Township	33	—
Kensington	60	—
Girard	49½	50
Western	65	—
Man & Mec	26½	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	43½	—
City	43	—
Consolidation	23½	—
Commonwealth	—	96½
Corn Exchange	35	—
Germantown	—	60
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	98	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	118	—
Farmers "	120	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	93	98½
Planters "	95	100
N O Gas Light	—	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	24	25
Lehigh Zinc	—	15
New Creek	1	1
New Grenada	—	1
N America Ins'co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	—	32½
Southwark and Frankford R R	50	—
Bonds	94½	95

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	101	102
2nd "	90½	90½
" stock	46	46½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	100
" stock	122	122
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	84½	85
mort 6's '44	90	90½
" '88	73½	74
" stock	35½	35½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	94	95
" stock	55	56
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	44	—
6 pr ct loan, '60	92½	93
Ches Val R R, '72	80½	—
Tiora R R '75	—	85
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	67	70
" 2nd "	10	—
" stock	1	1½
Catawissa	½	1
Beaver Meadow stock	63½	—
" preferred 10 pr ct	80	—
North Penn'a R R stock	10½	11
6 pr ct loan	76½	77
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	49½	50
6 pr ct loan	97	100
Minehill R R	65	65½
Har & Lan R R stock	57½	58
" bonds '63	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	13	14
Long Island R R stock	13½	15
" bonds	69	80
Erie R R stock	—	—
Harlem River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80½	—
Michigan Central	67½	68½
Illinois "	52	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '97	74½	75
imp. 6 pr ct	38	—
stock	10½	10½
preferred	22½	23½
Lehigh Nav stock	56	56½
mort 6 pr ct	100	—
scrip	42½	42½
Morris Consol'd	56½	56
preferred	115	116
Ches & Del	60	—
bonds	79	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	20
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	30½	—

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour opened rather better, and some 10,000 bbls were disposed of, mostly in the forepart of the week, at $5,50@5,65 for standard and good straight superfine, made from new wheat, the latter for selected City Mills; $5,37½@5,75 for common and good extras, part fresh ground; $5,75@6,25 for extra family, and $6,25@6,50 for fancy brands, as in quality and freshness. Sound old stock superfine is scarce and selling as wanted at $5,25 ₱ bbl. The receipts show an increase this week. Rye Flour is scarce, and selling in small lots at $3,62½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also scarce, and fresh ground Penn'a meal is held at $3,37½. A sale of 750 bbls Brandywine was made at a price kept private.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are light and the market, under a fair demand for milling, is fully 5c ₱ bushel better, about 33,000 bushels having been disposed of at from 90c to $1,10 for inferior; $1,15 to $1,33 for fair to good and prime reds, and $1,36 to $1,50 for white, as in quality, the latter for good quality; prime is very scarce. Rye is selling in a small way at 76@72c for new, and 75c for old. Corn is better, and sales of about 30,000 bushels are reported at from 68 to 74c for inferior to fair quality, the latter for Western mixed, and 72@75c for good yellow in store and afloat, including some choice round Penn'a at 76@78c, which shows a considerable advance on the quotations of last week. Oats are also better, and about 33,000 bushels have been taken at 32@35c for new Southern, the latter for prime lots afloat, and 37@40 for old Penn'a, as in quality. Of Barley Malt sales of 8,000 bushels have been made at 92c.

PROVISIONS—The market for bbld Meats is quiet, and held in few hands. Mess Pork sells as wanted at $19,75@19,20 ₱ bbl. City Mess Beef is dull at $14 ₱ bbl. Of Bacon the sales are light, and are mostly to go South at 12½c for Sides and 10½c for Shoulders, on time. Hams are scarce, and held at 12@14c, as to quality. Green Meats are also scarce, and generally held above the views of buyers, with small sales of Shoulders at 9½c, and Sides at 10½@11c ₱ lb. Lard is moving off slowly at 13½@13½c for bbls and tes, and 14c for kegs. Butter is rather more active, packed selling at 10@12c, the latter for prime. Cheese continues steady at 10@10½c for New York, and rather more doing. Eggs are better with sales at 12½c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks continue light, and the fine grades scarce and firm, the demand, however, has been limited, buyers taking hold only to supply their immediate wants, and the week's sales reach some 850 bales at from 5c up to 12@13c for inferior to middling and middling fair quality, mostly Uplands, cash and time.

BARK—Quercitron meets with a steady inquiry but at rather lower prices, and about 120 hhds first No sold at $27 ₱ ton; a sale of coarse ground was also made at $28½. Of tanners' Bark the sales are moderate at $12½@13 for Spanish; $10@10½ for Chestnut, and $6 ₱ cord for Peach Oak.

COAL—There is a good demand both for shipment and home use, and prices are firm; the scarcity of vessels, however, has had a tendency to limit operations, and the market has been rather quiet this week.

COFFEE—There have been no arrivals, and the stock being nearly all out of first hands, the market is firm but very quiet, and the sales limited to some 800 bags, in lots, at 14½@15½c for Rio, and 15½c for Laguayra, on the usual terms, the latter to go out of the market.

COPPER continues dull, but steady at 27c for Sheathing. Yellow Metal sells as wanted at 26c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS—There are but few offering or selling, and a small business to note at 48@50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT is arriving more freely, and prices are unsettled. Green Apples selling at $1@3 ₱ bbl, and Peaches at $1@2 ₱ basket. A sale of Southern Pea Nuts was made at $1,80 ₱ bus, which is an advance.

HEMP—There is little or no stock out of the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no sales.

HIDES continue dull and drooping, and buyers are not disposed to operate to any extent in the present unsettled state of the trade.

HOPS are dull and neglected, and selling in a small way only at 9@12c, for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues very dull, and prices about the same; the sales, however, are limited to small lots of Anthracite at $22½@23 for No 1; $21½@22 for No 2, and $20½ for No 3, cash terms, mostly at the latter rate from store. There is some inquiry for future delivery, but generally at rates below the views of holders. Scotch Pig is also very quiet. Of Blooms a sale is reported at $92, on time. Manufactured Iron is steady in prices.

LEAD is firm but quiet, and the last sale of Galena was at $5,75 the 100 lbs, cash.

LEATHER—The market continues dull, and the sales mostly in a small way at about previous rates.

LUMBER—There is no change in prices, and a moderate business doing in White Pine Boards at $14@18, and Yellow Sap do, at $14@16. Laths are firmer, sales are reported at $1,70, and Pickets at $6@7 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—There is little or nothing doing, and sales are confined to a few small lots of Cuba and New Orleans within the range of quotations, the demand is limited, and the market is very dull.

PLASTER—The receipts and sales are light, and the market steady at $2,75 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—There is little or nothing doing in Clovereed, and we quote it at $5@5,50 ₱ bushel, and very little offering. Timothy is selling at $3@3,50 ₱ bus. Of Flaxseed, sales of domestic are making at $1,62@1,65 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is no change in Brandy and Gin, and but little doing in the way of sales. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 35@36c. Whiskey is firmer, bbls selling more freely at 21@22c, the latter for prime Ohio. Drudge at 20c, and hhds at 21c.

SUGAR—The market has been dull this week, but without any alteration to note in prices, the demand both from the trade and the refiners being light. Sales comprise about 900 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 6¼@7¼c, and Porto Rico at 7½@8¼c, on time. A sale of white was made at 9¼c ₱ lb.

TALLOW is firm but quiet, city rendered selling in lots at 10@10¼c, and country at 9¼c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The market is quiet but steady, and a small business doing in both leaf and manufactured.

WOOL—There is a good feeling in the market for this staple, and prices are fully maintained and firm, the sales reaching about 180,000 lbs, in lots, at prices within the range of 38@63c net for common to full blood and fine fleece, the latter for choice clips; the bulk of the sales were at from 40 to 55c; the demand being mostly for the medium grades.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 11, 1860.

Pennsylvania.		**Mississippi.**	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	All bks	uncertain
New Jersey.		**Louisiana**	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Delaware		**Ohio.**	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Maryland.		**Kentucky.**	
Baltimore	par to ½ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**Indiana.**	
New York.		State bank	1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks	par to ½ dis	**Illinois.**	
Maine.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**Missouri.**	
New Hampshire.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**Tennessee.**	
Vermont		Old bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**Michigan.**	
Connecticut.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**Wisconsin.**	
Massachusetts.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**Texas.**	
Rhode Island.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**Iowa.**	
Virginia.		State bk	2½ dis
Solv bks	½ to 1 dis	**Kansas.**	
Dist. of Columbia.		Kansas Valley bk	5 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**Minnesota.**	
North Carolina.		Bank St. Paul	5 dis
Solv bks	½ to 1½ dis	**Canada.**	
Georgia.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**Florida.**	
South Carolina.		State bk	1 dis
Solv bks	½ dis		
Alabama.			
Solv bks	1 to 2 dis		

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. Charles W. Bitting, to Miss Sarah A. Moss, both of this city.

On the 1st of June, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. John Markley, to Miss Annie E. Wellington, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Right Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, N. Chapman Freeman, of this city, to Marcia Robb, daughter of Isaac B. Parker, of Burlington, N. J.

On the 6th instant, in Great Valley, by the Rev. Wm. Whitehead, Noble Heath, Jr. of New York, to Miss Helen F. Jones, of Chester Valley, Pa.

June 27th, 1860, by the Rev. J. E. Meredith, Mr. Charles W. Kinsey, to Miss Elizabeth P. Duke, both of this city.

On August 5th, 1860, by the Rev. M H. Sisty, Mr. William H. Smith, to Elizabeth B. Adams, both of this city.

On August 2d, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. John Grubel, of this city, to Miss Ellen H. Solomon, of Gloucester, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Friday evening, Aug. 10, Mrs. Mary Rhodes, relict of Christopher Rhodes, of Newport, R. I. New York and Newport papers please copy.

On the 8th instant, Rev. William Nagle, D. D. aged 82 years.

On the 8th instant, in her 83d year, Eliza L. Elwyn, widow of Thos. Elwyn, Esq. formerly of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and only child of the Hon. John Langdon, for many years Governor of that State.

On fourth day morning, 8th instant, Anna Thomas, in her 71st year.

On the 7th instant, William S. Fletcher, son of Geo. and Sophia E. Fletcher, in his 26th year.

On the 8th instant, in Mount Holly, N. J. at the residence of her son-in-law, Thos. J. Sutter, Ann Pippitt, in her 90th year.

On the 7th instant, Mr. Thomas Clohosy, in his 67th year.

At his residence, Mt. Pleasant, Bucks county, Pa. on Sunday evening, the 5th instant, Mr. Jacob Hummel, in his 71st year.

On the 4th instant, Annie Bedell, second daughter of Andrew D. Cash.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. Mary Fouquet, consort of the late Louis Fouquet, in his 83d year.

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Wit and Humor.

THE ANACONDA MILITARY MOVEMENT.

Several years ago, a company in a western village had somehow chosen for its generalissimo a mere epauletted cipher—a chieftan, fat, abdominous and stupid. Some wags induced the rest of the company to join them in hoaxing their brave commander. They privately informed him that Gen. Scott had lately instituted a new military evolution, called the "snake manœuvre," or "anaconda movement," and designed to keep the Commander-in-Chief safe, in case of a desperate engagement. They had seen the evolution performed "off East," and gave the captain the proper words of command. But to save his reputation as a field officer, they agreed to see to it themselves that the movement was carried through correctly.

So, on a hot July morning, the captain paraded his company in an open field, and after going through a brilliant series of marches and counter-marches, resolved to execute the "snake manœuvre."

"Straighten all!" says the captain, and the ninety men *did* straighten themselves into a right line.

"Circulate all!" and the file *did* circulate, winding around their captain anaconda wise, fold on fold, encoiling him, six deep, till he was almost squeezed to a skeleton.

"Unwind all!" gasped the captain, streaming at every pore, and doubting now whether the centre of the "anaconda movement" was the safest place for the Commander-in-Chief, however strong and desperate the enemy might be. But the company unwound, dispersed, and "liquored."

THE RESCUE.

A FRAGMENT OF A NAUTICAL ROMANCE.

Indiana, having recovered her senses, found that she was in a half-rigged, stay-braced, corvette-brig; and, going on deck, saw, to her dismay, that the clew-lines, the taffrail, and the mizen-mast, were all set, and that she was steering full twenty points to the larboard.

"Brace the forecastle, my boys!" sung out Ferox. "There is a storm brewing in the north south-east!"

The sailors hastened to obey his commands, when "Ship ahoy!" yelled the mate; and, by the aid of his spy-glass, Ferox discovered the oyster-boat about a quarter of a mile off, bearing slowly and majestically down upon them.

"Put her helm a-beam! Crowd on the jury-masts, and the main top gallant sails!" shouted Ferox. "Furl her anchor, and take in her spars! Put the jolly-boat on her hull, and take down her cut-water!"

The panic-stricken sailors hastened to obey; but Indiana, who had watched them with clasped hands and streaming eyes, saw, to her unutterable delight, that, spite of their utmost exertions, the oyster-boat slowly and surely gained on them.

"Down with her mainmast! Up with her wheel! Off with her braces! Knock in her knees!" screamed Ferox.

But here the oyster-boat grazed the sides of the vessel, and Indiana sprang lightly on board. She was saved!

A TOUCH STORY.—Col. Meek, of Oregon, has rather a pompous way of talking. Some years ago, while conversing with a couple of British officers at Vancouver, he dilated largely and eloquently on the changes he had witnessed since he came to Oregon. One of the officers, thinking he saw something rather green, asked him, with deflected seriousness, whether he had see any changes in Nature itself—whether the rivers had deflected from their accustomed channels, or the mountains had changed their configuration? The Colonel saw that the officer had mistaken him, and resolved to follow the sage advice of answering a fool according to his folly. "Oh, certainly, sir," said the Colonel. "You see that mountain!" pointing to Mount Hood, whose snow-clad summit, some fourteen thousand feet above sea level, stood only some sixty miles distant. The officar replied that he did. "Well," resumed the Colonel, "when I first came to Oregon, *Mount Hood was nothing but a hole in the ground!*"

AN OLD ELECTION STORY.—Several gentlemen were riding in a car on one of the Boston roads, a few years ago, when the conversation turned on the then next Presidential election, and the merits and prospects of Webster, Fillmore, Cass and others. After some time a solemn individual, who had listened in silence, addressed the party thus—

"My friends you are all wrong. Before the election of 1852, the world will have come to an end, and Jesus Christ will be President of the Universe!"

Up started an enthusiastic gentleman from the Granite State, who stutteringly said to the Millerite—

"S-ir, I'll b-b-but you t-t-ten dollars New-Hampshire w-w-won't g-go for him!"

A roar of laughter greeted the exit of the Second Adventist, as he removed to another car.

THE IRISHMAN'S MARRIAGE.—Quite recently an Irishman met a brother Patlander who had, but a day or two previous, entered the matrimonial state, and accosted him with—

"Well, Patrick, faith an' sure, an' I heerd ye'd got married; an' is it a thrue story they're afther tellin' on ye's this time!"

"Av coorse it is, Dennis."

"Be jabers, an' who, in this blissed land o' freedom, have ye made happy, that is, who'd ye git married to?"

"Och, blatherashion, to me wife, to be sure; d'ye s'pose I'd be afther marryin' innybody else's wife, an' committin' bigamy?"

The bystanders were much edified.

A FIRE ESCAPE.—At dinner, one day, Mr. Rogers related a story of a nervous gentleman who kept a fire-escape—a kind of sack, in which he could lower himself from his window. Being suddenly awakened one night by the sound, as he thought, of the wheels of a fire-engine, followed by a tremendous knocking at the door, he descended in his sack in great haste, and reached the street just in time to hand his wife (who had been to the opera) out of her carriage.

A LEARNED WITNESS.—Witnesses are often exceedingly stupid, but we don't know whether *this* witness ought to be called stupid or not. He was before Baron Martin. It was desired to get from him an exact account of a certain conversation, with the "says I" and "says he;" but the counsel could not make him comprehend the form in which he was wanted to make his statement. So the court took him in hand. "Now, my man, tell us exactly what passed." "Yes, my lord, certainly. I said that I would not have the pig." "Well, what was his answer!" "He said that he had been keeping the pig for me, and that he——"—"No, no; he did not say *that*—he could not have said it. He spoke in the first person." "No, I was the first person that spoke, my lord." "I mean this—don't bring in the third person—repeat his exact words." "There was no third person, my lord, only him and me." "Look here, my good fellow! he did not say *he* had been keeping the pig, he said, 'I have been keeping it.'" "I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship's name at all. We are on two different stories, my lord. There was no third person; and if anything had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it." So the court had to give it up, though the witness was only too ready to tell all he knew.

FINDING OUT HIS NAME.—In passing through the town of C——, Putnam County, Indiana, in 1852, in search of a place for merchandising, I stopped into the store of R—— and C—— to make some inquiries concerning the village. It was at the time when ventilated hats were in full blast. I was invited to a seat on the counter. Mr. C—— was very talkative, and in his remarks he addressed me as Mr. Gossamer. After some conversation I notified him he was mistaken in the name.

"'Smith is my name, sir.'

"'Ah, excuse me, sir! I thought it was Mr. Ventilated Gossamer!'

"It is useless to say I had on one of Hayes & Cray's best, and upon the lining was inscribed in elegant gilt letters, 'Ventilated Gossamer.'"

MIND WHERE YOU LAY THE EMPHASIS.—Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield, on some question of manorial right, he chanced unfortunately to say, "My lord, I can illustrate the point in an instance of my own person; I myself have two little manors." The Judge immediately interposed, with one of his blandest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

BE HAPPY AS YOU ARE.

Wife and mother, are you tired and out of patience with your husband's and your children's demands upon your time and attention? Are you tempted to speak out angry feelings to that faithful but, perhaps, sometimes heedless or exacting husband of yours? or to scold and fret at those sweet and beautiful ones? Do you groan and say, "What a fool I was to marry, leave my father's house, where I lived at ease and in ease? Are you, by reason of the care and weariness of body which wifehood and motherhood must bring, *forgetful of, and ungrateful for, their comforts* and their joys? Oh! wife and mother, what if a stroke should smite your husband and lay him low? What if your children should be snatched from your arms and from your bosom? What if there were no true, strong heart for you to lean upon? What if there were no soft, little innocents to nestle in your arms, and to love you or receive your love? How would it be with you then? Be patient and kind, dear wife; be unwearying and long-suffering, dear mother; for you know not how long you may have with you your best and dearest treasures—you know not how long you may tarry with them. Let there be nothing for you to remember which will wring your heart with remorse if they leave you alone; let there be nothing for them to remember but sweetness and love unutterable, if you are called to leave them by the way. Be patient, be pitiful, be tender of them all, for death will step sooner or later between them and you. And oh! what would you do if you should be doomed to sit solitary and forsaken through years and years? Be happy as you are, even with all your trials; for, believe it, thou wife of a loving and true husband, there is no lot in life so blessed as thine own.—*Georgiana Herbert.*

ZOUAVES IN THE ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION.—The following is an extract from a letter written during the Revolution by a young soldier of the Connecticut line:

DEAR PARENTS: Our company arrived here last night very late, hungry and tired. Training is a good deal harder than old Squire Fell tells of. If he'd marched fourteen miles a day for three days and carried his prog, besides Father's old French-war fuses, I calculate he'd not been so encouraging to us boys. I don't find fault, mind; I only wish to let you know that we are not on a May party.

At Milford tavern we were joined by two companies of soldiers from New Haven, and a company of "queer fellows," as Jake calls them, from the Southern colonies. They are riflemen, and are commanded by Colonel Cresap. They don't use any beds, as we do, but sleep right on the ground, all in a row as Indians do. But their antics in military exercise are of the curiousest kind. They load and fire their rifles lying flat on their bellies. After that they tangle themselves all up in a knot, and look just like a porcupine, with their guns sticking out all over them. But the wondermost part of their actions is their hitting a mark.

Any one of them can hit a small potato at forty rods distance. You never saw anything like it. When we get to camp I will write more about these riflemen, who would amuse the girls if they could see them cut their antics.

☞ The colony of free lovers, who left California to settle in Costa Rica, has been broken up by death and dissension, and comes to a miserable end.

☞ The N. Y. Tribune has an obituary notice of the death of a young girl of 17, who had been twice married.

THE GREAT TRIBULATION.

CENSUS MARSHAL.—"I jist want to know how many of yez is deaf, dumb, blind, insane and idiotic—likewise how many convicts there is in the family—what all your ages are, especially the old woman and the young ladies—and how many dollars the old gentleman is worth!"

[Tremendous sensation all round the table.]

THE ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.

BY LIUET.-COL. H. R. ADDISON.

The foreigner or the country cousin, who arrives in London for the first time, instantly seeks to mingle with the higher classes. For this purpose he brings with him certain letters of introduction, which secure him a series of invitations to the best *salons* of the aristocracy as soon as the season arrives. Delighted with the idea of personally associating with those magnates of whom he has heard and read, he revels in a dream of delight, and at eleven o'clock eagerly drives off to St. James's square, or Piccadilly, or Park-lane, as the case may be—Apsley House, Devonshire House, Holderness House, or Lord Derby's, being equally the havens of his ambition. But, alas! how little satisfaction attends his triumph. Jostled amidst a densely-packed crowd, his ear wearies as it continually dwells on: "*Good evening, my Lord;*" "Was your Ladyship at the opera last night?" "Is it true that your Grace has condescended to become a lady patroness of the Kensington Bazaar?" "Oh, my dear Sir John, why were you not at Lady K.'s? is it true you are about to retire from society?" or, "We were all disappointed at not seeing your Excellency at the Private Theatricals; her Majesty *was in high spirits, and we passed a delightful* evening."

Tired of this eternal chattering—for to talk rationally in an aristocratic ball-room would be a sad mistake—the tyro looks around determined, since his ears have disappointed him, to feast his eyes. The women are superb, and certainly bear the impress of high nobility. No race in the world are so handsome as English females; and the higher you go, the more beautiful they are; they certainly do show, in the most unmistakeable manner, the *pur sang* that flows in their veins. But where are your statesmen, your orators, your heroes? That shabby, sneaking little old man is a Secretary of State; that oily looking person is an orator unequalled; and that very common looking personage is the representative of one who, many years ago, shook Europe with his mighty thunders. Here a gray-headed Jew represents England's highest classes; there a black-haired one shadows forth her wealth. That vulgar-looking man is an earl; that foolish-looking giant an Asiatic legislator. In a word, were it not for an occasional star, or a blue ribbon, which half hides itself as if ashamed of its wearer, none would ever discover that they were nibbing skirts with those, who, by their good conduct and splendid talent, may fairly be styled the pride of Europe.

An hour's unmeaning interchange of salutations, an hour's suffocation, and the visiter returns home disappointed and *disillusioné*. He had expected to behold kings, queens, and nobles, in all the pomp and glittering grandeur of the stage. He had only seen them in their true colors—as different as the trussed pheasant from the same bird upon the tree. A scene of this kind is a painful disenchantment.—*English Journal.*

Agricultural.

A PROFITALE DAIRY.

A subscriber of the Genesee Farmer sends to that paper the following statement as to a small dairy belonging to Mr. Edward Hoyt, that took the first premium at the Delaware County Society's Annual meeting:

This dairy consists of six "native" cows, of the following ages:—Two 7 years old, one 6, one 5, and two 3 years old—calved from the 10th to the 26th of March, inclusive.

Amount of butter made,	1,230 lbs	
Do. do. sold,	1,085 "	$238,61
Butter used in family,	145 "	30,43
Pork made from milk,		30.50
Calves and colt, raised by hand,		18.50
One veal,		5,50
Three calf-skins,		2,40
Milk used in the family,		10.50
		$328,45
Deduct expenses, freight, corn, etc.,		20,26
Net income from all sources,		$308,20

After deducting one-quarter each for two 2 year old heifers, the net profit per cow—5 cows, $56,04.

GREAT FECUNDITY OF PIGS.

Why is it that young pigs always bear so high a price? Read the following from Morton's Encyclopedia of Agriculture:

It is certain that none of our domesticated animals will afford such a large amount of food for human sustenance as the pig, in proportion to the readiness and expense with which it is raised, and the time necessary for raising it. The number now bred and fed are exceedingly great, and are yearly increasing. There is no class of animals equally prolific that are of any great value to man. Let it be supposed that a sow has her first litter when she is twelve months old; that she has a litter every six months; and that she has an average of six pigs every litter; that she is kept in a breeding state till three years old, and then fattened off to average 4 cwt. when killed, and all the pigs to be fattened off by the time they are twelve months old, and to average 2 cwt. when killed; and it is a mere matter of calculation to show that there would be, at the end of six years, of breeding pigs—

612 2½ years old.
1,386 2 years old.
3,159 1½ years old.
7,155 1 year old.
16,251 ½ year old.
36,936 sucking pigs.

65,529
53,217

118,746 in all, besides the sale of 27,508 cwt. of bacon; and besides 16,281 hogs ½ year old, and 36,936 sucking pigs.

This is, of course, a ridiculously extravagant calculation, but it shows how very rapidly pigs can be made, under careful management, to propagate their species; they may not come up to the estimate above, but they may approach it.

THE WORST WEED.

When a boy of some fifteen years, I was often quizzed by a neighbor farmer—an old Quaker, who took delight in discussing with the lads upon any subject almost that happened to be introduced, and seldom if ever came off second-best; and the boy who might outdo him, would have been by the neighboring lads called sharp. A younger brother and I met with the Quaker one morning, when the subject of weeds as pests upon a farm was introduced. The Quaker stated that *Poke* was the worst thing upon a farm. My brother contended that rag-weed was a greater pest, causing our milk, butter, and sometimes the bread, to become bitter, etc. I contended that not only the rag-weed was decidedly worse, but there were several weeds less to be desired than poke. I spoke of dock, the thistle, etc., and began to feel that we had got the old chap cornered, and giving my brother a wink, hauled off, to learn how he would support his position. He closed one eye, as was his practice, and straightened himself, saying,—*The worst thing upon a farm was* POKE *in boys!* It is no part of my story to tell how soon we both slid, though I have often been admonished by the memory of the joke, and have sometimes thought there were a good many farms incumbered with such things, in the shape of grown-up boys.—*Corres. of Ohio Cultivator.*

COST OF PICKING STRAWBERRIES.—The editor of the Prairie Farmer has been visiting a strawberry plantation in Chicago, of some eight acres, carried on by George Davis. The principal berry relied on for a crop was the *Albany Wilson*, though he has a number of other varieties. The following rule adopted for the picking troop is excellent. The editor says:—

"Anxious to learn something about the cost of picking and marketing the fruit, we asked him how much he paid per quart for picking.

"'I do not pay by the quart, I hire by the day.'

"'How much do you pay per day then?'

"'Well, you see, I 'ave made this harrangement: I pay those that don't whistle, two shillings per day, and those who do whistle I pay three shillings—for don't you see'—picking up an enormous *Wilson*—'don't you see, *that if they 'ave one of these 'ere in their mouth, they can't whistle?*—don't you see the philosophy of the thing?'"

A REMEDY FOR THE WHEAT MIDGE.

We have several times stated that an ichneumon parasite of the wheat midge had been discovered, and we are glad to hear that it is already performing its work of destruction of this terrible pest of the wheat-growers.

A correspondent of The Canadian Agriculturist makes the following statement, which will be read with great satisfaction in all wheat-growing regions of this country:—

"I am rejoiced that this week I can announce the arrival of a deadly enemy to the wheat midge or fly. In the neighborhood of Sparta Township, of Yarmouth, the farmers have discovered some species of ichneumons which deposit their eggs in the larva. One of these is very small, black and shining; the other is also black, with red feet and a blunt tail. These are often mistaken for the wheat fly, but as it has only *two* wings, while they have *four*, the distinction is obvious. To observe the proceedings of the ichneumons place a number of the maggots or larvæ of the wheat fly on a sheet of paper, and set a female ichneumon in the midst of them; she soon pounces upon her victim, and intensely vibrating her antennæ, bending herself obliquely, plunges her ovipositor into the body of the larva, depositing in it a single egg. She will then pass to the second and so on, depositing a single egg in each. You will observe the maggot writhing in seeming agony when sometimes the fly stings them three times. These ichneumons appear in myriads on the outside of the ear; but as if impatient of bright light, sheltering themselves from the sun's rays among the husks."

We suggest the propriety of hastening the work of this useful insect, by transporting it from where it is now at work, to other localities in advance of its natural slow progress.

THE INCH.—The British inch had its origin, says John Taylor, a high authority, in the measurement of the earth by the founders of the Great Pyramid. They determined, with great exactness, the proportion which the diameter of a circle bears to its circumference, and having ascertained the measure of the circumference of the earth, supposing it to be a perfect sphere, they divided the diameter into 500,000,000 of units, which we call inches. This appears to have been the origin of our inch. The polar diameter of the earth, according to Mr. Airy's calculation, is equal to 500,491,440 of these inches, which measure so little exceeds the mean diameter of the earth, according to the ancients, as to require the addition of only one-thousandth part, to render it, with all but mathematical precision, the five hundred-millionth part of the earth's axis of rotation.

HOEING POTATOES WHEN WET.—A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer states that, having noticed how potatoes were interrupted in their growth, invariably pined away and died, if disturbed and bruised when wet with dew and rain, he tried the following experiment:—He selected a patch in his potato field, had it ploughed only once, and then loosed the soil with the hoe when the stalk was above ground, and in the heat of the day when they were dry. He never touched them afterwards till they were dug in October. These stalks kept green, and the yield of potatoes was very large. The other portion of the patch was worked three times, and when the stalks were wet with dew. These blighted early, did not produce half a crop, and that of an inferior quality. The ground, seed and time of planting in both patches were the same.

Useful Receipts.

CURE FOR BURNS.—Apply immediately a coat of copal varnish, with a very soft brush or feather, and the pain will be relieved instantaneously. The varnish forms a coating that completely excludes the air, and of course the pain ceases.

ANTS.—Some ten years ago I went to my closet to get a sponge cake, and found it covered with those little pests, the red ant. Not knowing what to do with it, I laid it down on an old black walnut table close by, and in less time than it has taken me to write this, the ants left the cake and table. I immediately took the hint and put walnut shelves into my closets, since which time there has not been an insect seen.

A TRUTHFUL AND CHEAP BAROMETER.—Take a clean glass bottle and put in it a small quantity of finely pulverised alum. Then fill the bottle with spirits of wine. The alum will be perfectly dissolved by the alcohol, and in clear weather the liquid will be as transparent as the purest water. On the approach of rain or cloudy weather, the alum will be visible in a flaky spiral cloud in the centre of the fluid, reaching from the bottom to the surface. This is a cheap, simple, and beautiful barometer, and is placed within the reach of all who wish to possess one. For simplicity of construction, this is altogether superior to the frog barometer in general use in Germany.

TOBACCO AND ARSENIC.—A young lady in Hampshire fell into the mistake of eating a portion of arsenic, which had been prepared for the destruction of rats. Painful symptoms soon led to the discovery. An elderly lady then present advised that she should be made to vomit as speedily as possible, and as the unfortunate victim had always exhibited a loathing for tobacco in any shape, that was suggested as a ready means of obtaining the desired end. A pipe was used, but this produced no nausea. A large portion of strong tobacco was then chewed, and the juice swallowed; but even this produced no sensation of disgust. A strong decoction was then made with hot water; of this she drank a pint without producing nausea or giddiness, or any emetic or cathartic action. The pains gradually subsided, and she began to feel well. On the arrival of physicians, an emetic was administered. The patient recovered, and no ill consequences were experienced. Another case occurred a few years subsequent at the same place, when tobacco was administered, and no other remedy. In this instance there was complete and perfect recovery. From this it may be reasonably concluded, that tobacco is an antidote of very safe and ready application in cases of poisoning by arsenic.—*M. C. Cooke.*

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 4, 19, 7, 15, 33, 10, is a girl's name.
My 11, 16, 42, is one of the primary colors.
My 22, 3, 37, is a pronoun.
My 1, 46, 14, is what we breathe.
My 4, 33, 24, 34, we could not do without.
My 20, 21, 5, 53, 32, is very useful.
My 5, 41, 19, 15, is a vegetable.
My 2, 25, 12, 46, 51, is worn by ladies and gentlemen.
My 27, 13, 26, is a small house.
My 8, 18, 6, 22, is a kind of wagon.
My 23, 6, 54, is another name for battle.
My 28, 29, 30, inverted is used to wash in.
My 35, 6, 54, 6, is the name of a book.
My 3, 54, 46, 2, 17, is the joint connecting the hand with the arm.
My 54, 37, 17, is the track of a wheel.
My 31, 47, 50, 43, 38, is green.
My 39, 70, 36, 42, is used to burn.
My 52, 48, 44, 45, is a sudden blast of wind.
My 45, 40, 49, is a child's plaything.
My whole is a quotation from the Bible.

FANNIE H. LITTLE.
Clay, Onondago Co., N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 58 letters.
My 1, 3, 2, is a preposition.
My 4, 25, 24, 9, 10, is a vegetable matter.
My 6, 7, 19, 58, is a part of the human system.
My 18, 37, 14, 28, signifies temper.
My 15, 14, 34, 40, is the produce of fowls.
My 17, 16, 10, signifies termination.
My 13, 11, 12, 5, signifies a trial.
My 25, 8, 31, signifies decomposition.
My 30, 32, is an exclamation.
My 27, 28, 47, 38, is a vegetable production.
My 33, 9, 48, 37, is a girl's name.
My 3, 57, 10, 53, 50, is the name of a Governor in the United States.
My 34, 36, 23, 57, signifies to stagger.
My 54, 39, is a pronoun.
My 51, 52, 55, 56, was an ancient god.
My 44, 43, 40, 41, is the home of the birds.
My 56, 49, 48, 45, is a river on the Eastern Continent.
My 42, 43, 47, 46, signifies rig.
My 45, 21, 22, 29, 7, 20, is a part of a door.
My whole is a message from a King of Europe to a distinguished American. JERSEY BOY.
Bordentown, New Jersey.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A county in Michigan.
A city in Maine.
A county in Texas.
A city in Russia.
A desert in Arabia.
A city in Mexico.
A county in Illinois.
A river in British America.
A country in Africa.
A city on the Black Sea.
The initials name a river in the New World; and the finals where situated.

CHARLES W. LARGE.
Portsmouth, *Scioto Co., Ohio.*

RIDDLE.

I move incessant to and fro,
Obedient to the moon and sun;
And though I serve both high and low,
All wait on me, I wait on none.

PROBLEM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find three whole numbers in arithmetical progression, whose common differences hall be a cube; the sum of any two diminished by the third, a square; and the sum of the roots of the required squares, a square. ADIJAH M. LEAN.
New Lisbon, O.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perpendicular of a right-angled triangle measures 10 rods more than the base, and the hypothenuse is 50; required the area? J. F. H.
Manordale, Pa.

CONUNDRUMA.

☞ Why is it impossible for a watch that indicates the smaller divisions of time ever to be new? Ans.—Because it must always be a second-hand one.

☞ What is stronger in death than in life? Ans.—An old yellow-legged hen. If you don't believe it, try to dissect one after boiling.

☞ Why is a fool like a needle? Ans.—He has an eye, but no head.

☞ When is a plant like a hog? Ans.—When it begins to root. When is it like a soldier? Ans.—When it begins to shoot and train.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Bullion's Latin Reader. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Words may show a man's wit; but actions, his meaning. RIDDLE—Eye. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—152 perches.

Answer to Problem published June 9th; they will meet on Monday, May 28th, 1866, at 39 min. past 1 o'clock, P. M.

Answer to Problem by W. K. Gondy, published July 21st, 4,606 acres and 8 farmers. Wm. Ely Holley, Orleans Co., N. Y. It is also answered by J. F. Humes, Manordale, Pa., Albert M. Martin, Warren Co., Pa., and T. L. M., Alleghany Co., Pa.

Answer to M. Durant's Problem published July 21st; dimensions of pond are 8, 6 and 10, and of the garden 60 by 30. Simpson, Pittsburg.

The Problem, by W. W. Straights, cannot be solved; for each to receive $50, they must both dig 106¼ rods. Albert M. Martin. Wm. D. Stratford, Russel Co., Ala.

A LONG SERMON.—A cotemporary, speaking of the old meeting-house (a very elegant one, by the way) lately burnt at Saco, says:

"The church was erected during the ministry of the Rev. Elhu Whitcomb, and the dedication sermon was preached by him February 12th, 1806. It was ninety feet in length by fifty-four in breadth," etc.

Uncle Toby remarked, as he read this, that he had heard and seen some long sermons, but didn't remember any one so long as ninety feet; and that the breadth was uncommon, long sermons being usually slim or slender.